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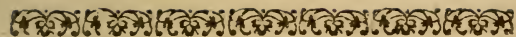
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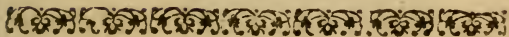


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THE  
H I S T O R Y  
O F  
T O M F O O L.





T H E  
H I S T O R Y  
O F  
T O M F O O L.

---

More knows Tom Fool, than Tom Fool knows.

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Stevens G. R.

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V O L. I.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for T. WALLER, opposite Fetter-  
Lane, Fleet-Street.

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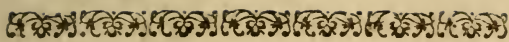
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REASONS for Publishing  
this BOOK.

THERE is a certain Period of Time, Metaphysicians predicate by this Term, Anxious Space.

This Vacuum is the half Hour immediately preceding Dinner ; when Diamonds scratch Sash-windows, or decorate Drinking-glasses ; when Plates are turn'd round upon Forks, and the Inside of *French* Roles moulded into Geometrical Trapeziums.

At that Time, all the *English* World is,—a—I don't know howish.

Therefore this Book is recommended to be bought by all Families, Unchristian, as well as Christian ; and one Chapter of it to be then served up, by Way of Whet.

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In the Press,

And speedily will be Published,

T H E

HISTORY of the PRESENT WAR.

By Mr. R O L T.







THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
TOM FOOL.

---

CHAP. I.



VARIOUS are the Opinions of Authors, concerning the Origin of this Family. Some suppose it derived from a Bastard of the *Phrygian Thogorma*, as *Vossius*, *Causabon*, &c. &c.

Others relate it was an adopted Child, Son to the Wet-nurse of *Ascenez* the *Armenian*, who founded the Kingdom of *Thrace*, and was the first Monarch, as  
B Gro-

2. THE HISTORY OF

*Gronovius* reports, who kept Fools about him for State ; just as the Fashion is now to keep Women of the Town for Shew.

The *Italians* think us a Nation of Fools ; but that Opinion arose from the Ingratitude of their Eunuchs and Fiddle-players ; who, after getting ten or fifteen Thousand Pounds here, in about six or seven Years time, return to their own Country, build themselves fine Houses, and over the Street-door, or Porch, they all put up this Inscription :

• ANG. STUL. ÆD.

That is ;

THE FOLLY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE  
ERECTED THIS BUILDING.

Now the Multitude of *French* People who live among us, in the different Avocations of Cooks, Governesses, Pimps, Hair-cutters, Priests, Spies, Dancing-masters and Card-players, dare not openly call us Fools ; but they make use of a Term equally deriding. They call an *Englishman*, *Jack o Roast Beef*, which signifies, in their Language, *Jack an Apes* ; for they receive it as an uncontroverted Point of Belief, that no Persons, but Fools, would feed upon roast Beef ; or, that feeding upon roast Beef, makes us all so.

Indeed

Indeed there are several Branches of the Fools among us ; it is the most prolific Family existing. Nature making amends for the Deficiency of Head, by a Superabundancy in other Parts.

It is impossible to ascertain what Kingdom the Family of the Fools most properly appertains to ; like the Origin of the venereal Disease, each Country gives it to the next ; therefore I am of the same Opinion with *Cambden* and Sir *William Dugdale*, who assert, that the Title, Fool, or *la Foole*, is like Cuckold, and *Homo*, a Name common to all Men.

The Hero of this History was Son to Sir *Philpot Fool* ; a Gentleman descended from the amorous *la Fools*. He had a vast Estate, and did a vast deal of Good ; for he kept open House every Election, and never sat down to Dinner without some of the neighbouring Gentry or Clergy taking a Bit and a Bottle with him. It is ill Breeding not to drink with your Friends ; therefore Sir *Philpot* making a Point of it (being the best bred Man in the World) his Friends were always drunk with him.

To this Day they tell many merry Stories of the mad Pranks played at his House ; and there is to be seen at the Parsonage, the true Portraits of him and

his Companions, with an Inscription under each, denoting the Accomplishments wherein they excelled; and for which they were transmitted down famous to Posterity.

*Imprimis.* The Baronet; he once drank 22 Pints of Milk-punch before Breakfast; and could carry a red-hot Poker round the Room betwixt his Teeth.

2d. Was Parson *Squab*, a six Bottle Man, and the best Player at Buzz in seven Counties.

3d. Was 'Squire *Squelch*, the great Brandy-drinker. He could bite an Inch of Tobacco-pipe into 32 regular Pieces.

4th. Was Mr. *Stale*, the *October* Man. He could stand three Minutes upon one Leg on a Quart Bottle.

5th. Was *Tom Tartar*, the Whetter. He could say the Belief backwards.

The last was *George Jolly*, the Half-pinter; who could chalk under-leg farther than any Man in the North of *England*. There never was such a Set together before, nor since. They were as famous as *Alexander the Great*: *Black-beard*, the Pirate: *Lewis the Fourteenth*, or the *Mahometan* Wire-dancer.

When *Tom* was big enough to go to School, Sir *Philpot* determined to make Choice of a Master for him; but not by  
any

any Person's Recommendation. No, he knew the World : was not to be hummed ; People will be partial to their Friends, and puff them off, therefore he would himself judge of their Merits. But the Gout would not then permit him to converse with any of them, *viva voce* ; and he was at a Loss where to meet with any living Schoolmaster's Works worth looking into. For, upon my Honour (observed the Baronet) their putting together spelling Books, Dictionaries, numerical Pieces, electrical Observations, and Ænigmas in the Lady's Diary, makes me sick. There is not one of them can pen a good Advertisement. Then calling for the News-papers, he swore his Son should be sent to that Master whose Stile was the most classical. After a little Search, he met with one beginning thus. " Juveniles inducted  
 " through all the Rudiments, Theo-  
 " rems, Corollaries, Syllogisms, Pos-  
 " tulas"——Ay, ay, this will do, this will do, Sir *Philpot* cried out ; and ringing the Bell, ordered two Horses to be saddled immediately, and his Son was sent that Day to be educated under the Author of the above-mentioned Paragraph.

*Tom*, by the Openness of his Disposition, became the Butt of the whole

School. The elder Scholars availed themselves of his Simplicity ; when he had Money, they borrowed it ; when he had a Present, they shared it : He soon acquired the Nick-name of good-natur'd *Tom*. Just as People in high and low Life characterise their Friends, by the Appellations of stuttering *Sam*, limping *Joe*, deaf *Harry*, *Bob* the Author, or Scholar *Will*. For Perfections, or Imperfections, are equally Objects of Contempt and Ridicule. No Wonder, then, that *Tom's* Nick-name grew into a Proverb ; and hence we can account for the Synonymy between the Terms of Fool, and good-natur'd Fellow.

*Tom Fool's* Mistress hated him, because he was a better Scholar than her Nephew. Besides, he would never clean her Cloggs, which the other Boys were always striving to do ; then the Boarders used to get to Bed to the Maid Servants, and *Tom* would not ; so the Girls hated him. He led a sad Life among them ; though the best Boy in the School, he was used as the greatest Delinquent ; so true it is, what that great Metaphysician, *Virgilius Maro*, has observed, that one Man may steal a Horse safer than another squint over a Hedge-row.



## C H A P. II.

**T**H E R E lived near the Place an old Woman, Ginger-bread Seller to the junior School-boys ; to her *Tom Fool* went one Morning very melancholy, and when she enquired what made him so cast down ; he replied, “ Indeed, Dame, I am not well used ; “ every Body at our House takes against “ me, and yet I always do my Task ; “ and there are a great many Gentle- “ mens Sons at our School, besides me, “ and they never mind their Books ; “ only *Tom Fool*, and only *Tom Fool* is “ ill used for it ; Is not that very hard ? ” “ Indeed, it is (answered the old Wo- “ man) but don’t cry, you’ll make a “ better Man than the best of them.”

“ Lord, Dame, what signifies what “ Sort of a Man I make ? If my Papa “ had but left me a Fortune ; I a’nt “ such a Fool, neither, I know that. “ (Thus *Tom* went on) Why, it was but “ Yesterday you saw those two Gentle- “ men all over Lace, that got us half a “ Holiday. For all they looked so fine, “ and my Master and our Usher made “ them so many Bows ; why, they could “ neither of them read *Erasmus*. I saw

“ them both look over one that lay in  
“ *Billy Birch's* Place ; and one said to  
“ the other (swearing a great Oath)  
“ Prithee, *Jack*, What Book is this ?  
“ You came from College since me,  
“ and you know I never studied any  
“ Classics, but *Bacchus* and *Venus* ; and,  
“ indeed, Dame, they are not Books,  
“ but a Heathen God and Goddess ;  
“ then the other made Answer, turning  
“ over a Leaf or two, This, this, this,  
“ is an intimate Acquaintance of mine ;  
“ dear *Cicero*, many an Hour have I  
“ spent with him : Ay, ay, this is his  
“ Oration against *Hippoplanus*, one of  
“ the Triumvirate. Now you must  
“ know, Dame, this was only a Story in  
“ *Erasmus*, about a Horse Jockey ; but  
“ they knew no better ; for the other  
“ cursing himself (for they cursed and  
“ swore at every Word) Well, says he,  
“ *Jack*, its a Wonder to me, how you  
“ can remember so much ; for, I don't  
“ think, all the Time we were at *Queen's*  
“ together, you went to Bed one Night  
“ sober, except the Month we lodged  
“ at the Surgeon's. So I told my Ma-  
“ ster and our Usher about this, and  
“ they huffed me, and said I was a  
“ Fool ; and then they met the two  
“ Gentlemen again, and made them a  
“ great



“ great many more Bows ; and told  
 “ their Honours (as they called them)  
 “ that their Honours were great Scho-  
 “ lars. But I don’t believe, either of  
 “ their Honours know what Part of  
 “ Speech *Bonitas* is.”

“ Blessings on thee, Child, it does  
 “ my Heart good, to hear thee talk so  
 “ fine ; tho’, God help me, I never  
 “ was Quality learned, to be sure. But  
 “ what did your Master say to you af-  
 “ ter they were gone ?”

“ Say, Dame, I was sent for up into  
 “ the Parlour, and my Master’s Wife  
 “ began upon me, So Mr. Critic, these  
 “ Gentlemen were not Scholars good  
 “ enough for you ? Indeed, Madam, I  
 “ said——but she would not let me go  
 “ on, but stamping her Foot, and look-  
 “ ing as red in the Face, as if she had  
 “ just dressed Dinner ; What, says she,  
 “ am I to be interrupted by such an in-  
 “ significant Thing as thee art ? A Ho-  
 “ liday ? Yes, so you shall have one.  
 “ My Dear, I insist upon his being  
 “ locked up in the Wood-room this  
 “ Moment, till Bed-time. Don’t you  
 “ think, Mr. *Minus* (speaking to our  
 “ Usher) that he deserves it ? Why,  
 “ really (says he) the Boy has incurred  
 “ a singular Punishment, in Respect,

“ that his Crime is duplex or bifold ;  
 “ (I remember the very Words, Dame)  
 “ it was a Piece of Prophaneness, for a  
 “ snotty-nosed Urchin like him, to  
 “ depreciate the Erudition of either  
 “ the honourable Mr. *William*, or his  
 “ Honour, Sir *Thomas*. Why, - Ma-  
 “ dam, they have the Right of Presen-  
 “ tation to Livings of 1200 l. *per*  
 “ *Annum*.”

“ So, without any more Words, I  
 “ was locked up among the Lumber,  
 “ not having one Bit of the Holiday,  
 “ therefore I am resolved to stay no  
 “ longer.”

*Tom* was as good as his Word, for  
 he immediately went to Mr. *Frivil*, the  
 Philosophical Lecturer, who had main-  
 tained *Tom* at School after the Decease  
 of Sir *Philpot*. Mr. *Frivil* was Keeper  
 of the Cockle-shells to Lady Dowager  
*Grotto* ; and, on *Tom Fool*'s coming to  
 him, he made him his Fungus gatherer.

*Tom*'s Patron, just before Parliament  
 meeting, set out for *London*, to get Sub-  
 scriptions for a curious Work he had  
 compiled, in four Volumes Quarto ; de-  
 dicated to the Royal Society, called a  
 Mathematical Investigation of the Game  
 of Billiards.

He

He would have taken *Tom* with him, but Miss *Fash*, Lady *Grott's* Daughter, desired Mr. *Frivil* to spare her the Lad ; and, in his Absence, she made *Tom* Keeper of her *Chinese* Curiosities ; with a Promise of promoting him to be her Mama's Butter-fly Catcher for the ensuing Summer.

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## C H A P. III.

ON Sunday Evening, just as Lady Grott was set down to the Bragg Table, a Messenger came to inform her, that Sir Tasty, her Son and Heir, was arrived in *London* from his Travels, and proposed being down at the Hall in about three Weeks. Immediately Orders were given for his Reception; every Person in the Family was full of Expectations to see what a fine Gentleman Master was grown; as great Expectations had been raised about him in *London*, before his Arrival there. The noted Pimps had prepared new Faces for him; the Gamblers made Preparations for him; the tip-top Women of the Town prepared themselves for him, and the Surgeons were in Expectation when he should be prepared for them.

After the Baronet had properly run through all the Taste Emoluments, *viz.* subscribing to Mr. *Pond* and the Opera, Hazard, Criticising, Pitting, Challenging, Turtle-eating, beating the Rounds, Keeping, Bagnios and Injections, he arrived at his Birth-place. The Bells rung, the Ale was given away, the Clergy dined, the Gentry danced, and, according

ing to the News-Papers, the Evening concluded, &c. &c. &c.

In a few Days after Sir *Tasty's* Arrival, Miss spoke to her Brother in Praise of *Tom's* Diligence; the Baronet ordered him to be called up, and liking his Answers, made him immediately his Cockchafer Feeder.

*Tom* soon grew to be the best Feeder in the Country; his Chafers would spin longest, and he was very remarkable for one-particular Sort; they were the dingey-blue-brindled Gingers; and herein I must dissent from the learned *Boottlerius*, tho' he was often a Witness of their Copulations (as himself observes) yet he must be mistaken, when he asserts the Nutmeg-grey-pyeball-flea-bitten-brasswings to be the best.

*Tom's* Way of trying a new Sort was thus; as soon as he found a Nest, he took one of the full-grown Ones, and sticking a Hook through it's Tail, hung it with its Head downwards, and then began to prick it with a Pin; now if the Chafer spun till it was dead, it was a good Nest, and *Tom* kept the whole Brood to do the same; but if it would not spin till it was dead, but die Dung-hill, bleed to Death without turning, then *Tom* took them (by his Honour's Order)

Order) and threw them into the Hogsty, for the Pigs to devour.

One Day, as *Tom* was Chafer-hunting, he found under a shady Hedge, a young Woman seemingly very faint, and by her two Children, the eldest not above two Years of Age.

She made her Case known to him; upon the Instant he ran to a Farm-house just by, got his Coat-lap full of Victuals, and a Jug of Beer in his Hand, down he sat, and dined with the poor half-famished Travellers.

After *Tom* had cagged up his Chafers, Mr. *Voss* came by; People of his Cloth are very curious; he demanded to know what *Tom* was after. Young *Fool* explained to him what his Business was of Cock-chafering, which made Mr. *Voss*, lifting up his Hands and Eyes, thus deliver himself.

“ Is it possible? Can Men delight in  
 “ such excruciating Amusements? O  
 “ Animals of Infelicity! O ye hard of  
 “ Heart, ye Time destroying Inquisi-  
 “ tors! Do these Reptiles we torture,  
 “ wrong us? Are they able to cope with  
 “ us? Should we not rather assist the  
 “ Weak? Does not our holy Religion  
 “ teach us? Must not we cherish the  
 “ Dis-



“ Distressed ? Are we not commanded  
 “ to relieve the Wretched ? ”

After the Gentleman had finished his Declamation, young *Fool* addressed him in Behalf of the poor Woman and her two Infants ; begging the Vicar to give her Half-a-Crown. Mr. *Voss* reddened at the Insolence of the Demand ; but then reflecting who spoke it, and for whom it was spoke, his Resentment subsided into Contempt ; and darting a Sneer as he side-long glanced his Eyes on such low-life Objects, he spurred on his Horse, calling out, Oh Fool ! Fool ! *Tom Fool*, indeed.

*Tom* conducted the poor Woman to the Town, where his Master, Sir *Tasty*, kept his Chafers. On the Road she told him that was the Place of her Nativity ; for *Tom* had not minutely enquired into her Story ; because, as Mr. *Metaphor*, his Schoolmaster, observed, repeating Distresses, is only chewing the Cud of Misfortunes. Away walked *Tom* with the two Children, that their Mother might come on the faster ; and leaving the Family in the Public House he twirled his Chafers at, he ran up Town to make a Collection for them, telling every one he asked, how happy he thought himself,

self, to be out that Day, or else the poor Babes might have been starved.

He got Money, more or less, from every one he petitioned, he was so beloved; the Town's-folks all declared, it was out of Regard to him, that they gave the Money; as to the Beggar-Wench and her Brats, they were nothing to them, neither did they care what became of them; which is, indeed, a prudent and proper Way of Thinking; and the only Way I know of, to prevent the Preservation of those Swarms of Indigents, which, at present, infest the more happy Inhabitants of this Metropolis; and, I humbly move, that the Clergy, Gentry, and Men of Learning, will, hereafter, be as strenuous in their Endeavours to cancel all Symptoms of Pity among their Acquaintance, Dependants and Menials, as they have been to banish the Remains of Wit and Humour. So shall we soon arrive at that noble Ferocity, which was so conspicuous in the Sentiments and Behaviours of our great great Grandfathers, the *Goths* and *Vandals*



## C H A P. III.

**T**O M *Fool's* Benignity was not view'd in a quite right Light; for next Morning a select Vestry was called, and the Churchwardens rounded *Tom* for bringing a fresh Charge upon the Parish. "She was born here," answered *Tom*, "Was she so?" replied Mr. *Townclerk*, *Where's her Certificate? Born here? Yes, so all the Beggars in England may say. No, no, that Fetch won't do, for the Statue in that Case made and provided.*

*Tom.*

What signifies talking of Law, this is a Case of Conscience; all the Town-folks know her, it is Mr. *Bonville's* Daughter who went away with the Captain.

*Churchwarden.*

Then let her go away with the Captain again; she shan't quarter herself upon us. No, no, thof the Parliament makes us take Care of the Red-coats, they shan't make us take Care of the Petticoats; ha, Mr. *Townclerk*, ha, ha, ha.

*Tom.*

I wonder how you can be so merry, Mr. *Churchwarden*, about a fine Family's falling to Decay.

*Church-*

*Churchwarden.*

A fine Family, truly, and fine Work they made. What a Raquet the Squire used to keep about Members of Parliament; I was his Butler then; it would have grieved any Body to the very Soul, to see the Waste of Wine at his Hall at Election-time; I thought what it would come to, indeed, and so I told him afterwards, when he came to borrow 100*l.* of me upon his own Bond, and seemed to think I had a Right to lend it him, forsooth; because he happened once to give me an old House, that cost me more in Repairs than it was worth, and a Piece of Land I never had a good Crop off from; so he thought I must ruin myself for him; but as to his Daughter and her Bastards——

*Overseer.*

I don't believe any People in the universal World are so troublesome as your decayed Gentlefolks; they never think how they used to make us drudge about for them; up early, and down late; racketting here, and riotting there. 'Tis true, indeed, we got good Vails; but what then? A Man mought as well be a Galley Slave at *Angiers*, as a Servant, if it was not for the Perkifits; but as to this Beggar-wench and her Whelps.

*Tom.*

*Tom.*

Don't give yourself any further Trouble about them. I'll take Care of them.

*Overseer.*

You ?

*Tom.*

Yes I ?

*Overseer.*

I am sure you'll be a Fool if you do.

*Tom.*

Yes, thank God for it, I am one.

*Townclerk.*

Well, but, hark you, my Spark ; What Security will you give the Parish ? For Security we will have, and good Security, I assure you.

*Tom.*

Here's my Security [*pulling out a Letter*] this is from Sir *Tasty*, by Lady *Grott's* Order ; it is to all my Lady's Tradesmen, to let Miss *Bonville* have all convenient Necessaries. - There, read it.

*Townclerk.*

Why, indeed, Mr. *Fool* [*pulling off his Hat*] this alters the Case ; my Lady and his Honour are charitable People. *Ay, and I hope God will bless them for it* (ecchoed Mr. *Churchwarden*) *where is Miss Bonville and her pretty Babes, poor Creatures, here, Beadle, go take them to my House, and let my Wife make them up*  
*some*

*some Linnen; pretty Innocents, I suppose the dear Children are half naked, as well as the young Lady, their Mama.*

*I'll go (cried out the Overseer) and fetch Miss Bonville to my House; poor Gentlewoman, it is a sad Case, for so fine a Lady to meet with Misfortunes, it pinches them closer than one of us; I'll go for her. Away went he, and the Vestry all separated, all full of Preparations for Miss Bonville; and away skipped Tom Fool, overjoyed that Miss and her little Ones were to be taken Care of, and bent his Course to Dinner with that Felicity of Mind, which is seldom enjoyed by Men of great Sense; the Violence of their Understandings never permitting them to be so weak, as to rejoice at the Happiness of their fellow Creatures, if they themselves reap no Benefit by it.*

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## C H A P. V.

**D**URING the Vestry Meeting, Lady *Grotto's* Woman, Mrs. *Flims*, came to the Churchwarden's, in Compliance with an Invitation she received the Day before in Writing, on the unprinted Side of one of Madam *Thrumm's* Husband's Tobacco Papers.

For Master *Billy Thrumm* being just out of his Time, his Mamma was resolved to have a Rout to celebrate his Freedom; and her Spouse, Mr. *Churchwarden*, dealing in Rabbit Skins, and the Warehouse at that Time being empty, she insisted upon having the Card-tables spread there; because, she said, *it was a sweetfuller Place, than where Madam Hipshott the Overseer's Wife kept her's; for all Madam Hipshott's Visitors played at Cards in the Place where Mr. Hipshott made his Candles, and it smelt worserer nor Asifettiti.*

With a becoming Dignity Mrs. *Flims* stepped from the Post Chariot; and with equal Grace Madam *Thrumm* received her at the Shop-door, ushered her along Side the Counter, kicked the empty Butter Firkins out of the Way, scolded her Apprentice for not removing the

the Nail-bag ; and with much Difficulty inducted her Visitant into the strong Water Closet. After recruiting their exhausted Spirits, thus began the Mistress of the Rout. “ Lawd, Ma’am, “ who’d believe it, but *Tom Fool* that “ lives at your House, has brought a “ a Beggar-woman to Town with two “ Children ; not that I believe the Fellow had a Finger in the Pye, neither, “ tho’, to be sure, he is a likely Man to “ look to, if he wa’nt so mischieving.”

*Mrs. Flims.*

O yes, indeed, *Tom* came begging for um at our House.

*Mrs. Thrumm.*

Well Ma’am, as sure as you are there, I happened Yesterday to go to look at some *Chinese* Patterns ; because, as how I intend to fit our Pulpit up partly in the *Chinese* manner. So hearing of this beggar Creturr, our Sexton’s Wife desired me to go and give her a Look. I could not be so ill-bred to deny our Sexton’s Wife, so I went ; it was but two Doors off, and I intended to rate the Hussy for her Imporance, to bring her Bastards upon my Husband’s Parish ; but, indeed, when I came to see the Children, they looked pretty enough to be of an honest Man’s getting ; and then  
their



their Mother seemed to be in a sickly Sort of a Way, so I could not be angry with her. I am a Fool to be sure, I am too good-natured for that Matter; so I only told her, such brazen Faces ought to be ashamed of themselves, and ax't her what could put it in her Head to get Children; that it was owing to such Sluts as her, that many an honest Woman came off so much the worserer. I charged her to do so no more; for poor People had no Business to get Brats for their Betters to maintain.

*Mrs. Flim.*

Well, dear Madam, it makes me smile, indeed, when I think of such vulgar Folks getting Children; nay, I wonder how they can have the Assurance to go about it; it's immensely shocking, I vow, to think that low-life Creatures should be indulged with going to Bed together, as if they were Gentle-folks. Why, it was but t'other Day, our Shepherd was standing against our Pantry Window with his Wife, as he calls her; and she had the Confidence to give him a Kiss, and told him she loved him; as if such Animals as she could love, or was made to love; or had any Business with what belonged to their Betters.

Betters. She did not see me, indeed, so I took no Notice of her.

*Mrs. Thrum.*

Indeed, Madam, you was in the Right of it, not to mind such Ruptalls ; they are Vermun to be sure ; I would not live upon the Face of the Earth, if I thought I was made o'the same Mould as such Raggamunduffs ; but as I was saying about *Tom Fool*, he's a good-natured Fellow, to be sure, and every Body loves him in our Town, but if it had not been for me, my Spouse, Mr. *Thrum*, would have come to your House, and have told his Honour all about *Tom's* bringing this beggar Woman upon my Husband's Parish.

*Mrs. Flim.*

Indeed, Madam, I am very glad Mr. Churchwarden did not come ; for, between you and me, Ma'am, but I beg it mayn't go no further ; *Tom* mustn't be touch'd in our House.

*Mrs. Thrum.*

Dear Mawm, but, I hope you don't think me a Blab thof as for that—But, Ma'am, now I think on't, you have not been here since I made my Cherry Brandy ; here it is, and I insist on your giving me your Opinion on it.

*Mrs.*



*Mrs. Flim.*

Nay, dear Ma'am, excuse me, I wou'dn't for the World; — pray don't fill the Glas up—Lord, I shall be fuddled before Dinner — Madam, your Health—I protest I can't drink it up—Well, you are immensely obliging—Its vastly good, indeed — Here's Master *Billy Thrum's* Health, and wishing he may come to be Mayor of this Corporation.

*Mrs. Thrum.*

You are prodigiously good, indeed, Ma'am, here's his Honour's Health, and a good Husband to Miss *Fash*.

*Mrs. Flim.*

A Husband! Well, dear Madam, I hope no Body hears us—but she's in Love with *Tom Fool*.

*Mrs. Thrum.*

With *Tom Fool*, dear Ma'am, you frighten me out of my Wits.

*Mrs. Flim.*

Upon my Honour, Ma'am, it's very true—but I hope it will go no farther.

*Mrs. Thrum.*

Upon my Honour, Ma'am, it shan't for me; but, may I be so bold? Has Miss broke her Mind to him?

*Mrs. Flim.*

No, Ma'am, not yet, tho' she intends

tends it very quickly; but, Lord, he's such an Ignoramus, and so bashful; you must know, Ma'am, last Week—ay, last *Monday*, I went up where he was sorting some of his Shells, it's in a retired Part of the House; so I was sitting in the yellow Bed-room, all unlaced, and who should be in the Closet but *Tom*; when I heard him, I trembled like a Napsin Leaf, for there was not a Soul near us; however, I begun to sing, that he should not think I was frightened. He came out of the Closet towards me; Lord, what an Agony I was in; then, my Leggs shook so, I could not keep my Knees together; so he begged I would lend him some Pins, and held out his Hand towards me; so I told him, Lord, *Tom*, said I, I hope you don't intend to be rude with me; so, says he, no, God forbid, Madam; he looked so simple, and so innocent, that if I had been to be ravished by him, I must have forgiven him.

*Mrs. Thrum.*

You say true, Ma'am, for there are some certain Times, when the most virtuous Woman is put off her Guard, as one may say; I'll tell you how I had like to have been served once myself.—But the Arrival of Company prevented the

De-

Detail of Madam *Thrum's* Amours ; Dinner was served up, and, upon the Removal of the Cloth, the Company adjourned to the Rabbit Skin Warehouse ; where the Card Tables were set forth, and the Rout conducted with as much Crouding, as many Fineffes, and as loud Altercations, as ever were suffered, practised, or heard at the politest Assembly, either in *Pall-mall*, or *Ratcliff Highway*.

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## C H A P VI.

**M**R. *Overseer* had hurried out of the Vestry, to see after Miss *Bonville*, without ever enquiring where she was; but luckily meeting Doctor *Phiole*, whom Lady *Grotto* had sent to her, was going along with the Doctor to pay her a Visit. When they found *Tom Fool* rejoicing, as before-mentioned, him they added to their Party, and behind them marched the Beadle, sent by the Churchwarden to know what Necessaries the Children wanted; and Madam *Thrum* was ordered by her Husband to wait upon the young Lady;—but, alas, whatever Authority he might have in the Vestry,—at Home, like other great Men, he doff'd his Habilements of Power. As soon as he had ordered her to go and wait upon Miss *Bonville*, to know her Commands, a sudden Scowl gloomed over Madam *Thrum's* Face; she knit her Brows, she clapped her Palms together;—he knew the Symptoms, and he shunned the Storm; unboxing his large buckled Wig and best Beaver, he took his Ivory-headed Cane from behind the Counter, and,

and, with the Tranquility of Farmer *Cincinatus*, went to Miss *Bonville* himself.

After the Visit was paid, Mr. Overseer took *Tom Fool* home with him to Dinner; Madam *Hipshott* received young *Fool* with the utmost Complaisance; for this Lady had conceived an Inclination for him, not fitting for the Modesty of Historians to relate. After the Cloth was rumpled away, the Lady of the Feast brought a large Bowl of Punch upon the Table, in which she had infused a more than ordinary Quantity of Spirits; designing, by the Strength of the Potation, to prevent her Husband from observing what might pass between her and *Tom Fool*.

Mr. Overseer complained of the Liquor, it was too strong, he swore; but Madam *Hipshott* insisting on it, that it was no stronger than common, he was forced to swallow his Bumper and be quiet.

Young *Fool*, who never drank any Thing but Water, was blamed by the Overseer, for being a Milk-sop; and Mr. *Hipshott* declared, he would make *Tom* drink now, he'd enter him, he'd shew him what it was to be an honest Fellow.

His Spouse stood up in Defence of her *Adonis*; protesting, she'd drink for him; depending upon her own Strength, by which not only herself, but too many of her Sex. — O Ladies, Ladies, let me beg of you hereafter not to rely too much on the Potency of your own absolute Sovereignties; like her confiding, like her, perhaps, you'll fall; prone on the Floor she dropped across her speechless Husband's Carcase inanimated. Thus you may have seen in a Block-maker's Yard, two wooden Figures designed for Heads of Ships, tumbled one thwart t'other; lifeless and ill-shaped.

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## C H A P. VII.

**M**R. *Voss*, who had lately met with *Tom Fool*, as before related, this Day dined at the Baronet's. Sir *Tasty* having the Right of Presentation to a Living of 300*l. per Annum*; the Incumbent being attacked with a Fit of the Gout in the Stomach, and that coming to the Knowledge of Mr. *Voss*, he deferred his *Cambridge* Journey, and turned his Horse towards the Land of Promise; for he had Interest at the Hall; his Wife's Sister's Husband having married a Neice of Mr. *Tete's*, Lady *Grotto's* Hair-dresser.

This may be looked on as a strange Recommendation by those odd People who don't understand the World. But Mr. *Voss* was right, Who would lose a good Living, for Want of looking after it? Strangers entered for *Olympic* Prizes, and therefore——but as there is Variation between ancient and modern Honour, so there is between ancient and modern Preferment.

Mr. *Voss* listened with the utmost seeming Attention to Miss *Fash*, while she related *Tom's* Humanity to Miss *Bonville*. Finding what a Favorite *Tom*

was in the Family; he extolled the Benevolence of the young Man's Disposition; protesting, that the Youth had an angelic Mind. For Ladies (continued Mr. *Voss*) Charity, Charity, is the inestimable Attribute of the human Species.—Action ineffable.—The all irradiating Sun benevolates his Bounties universal. The grateful teeming Earth liberates her Copias.—Thus should we always assist relief-wanting Objects.—I, I, I myself, Ladies, could not sleep at Night easy, if I had let the Day revolve, without my laying out a Pittance of what Providence has given me, in Actions of Charity. I should say with the Heathen, or *Pagan* Emperor, indeed I have lost a Day.

Then don't let us lose a Moment (his Honour replied) drink about, the Women have all given their Sentiments—Come here's—Miss *Fash* gave a Shriek, to prevent her Brother's going on, clapping her Hands to her Head, cried out, for Heaven's Sake, dear Brother, don't be rude—I know what you are going to say; but pray let us be out of the Hearing on't first.

*Sir Tasty.*

Ay, ay, go and send my Groom in with the two Pointers he brought Home To-day—



To-day—I'll shew a Couple of Dogs—  
You love Shooting——

*Indeed, Sir, I do (Mr. Voss very submissively answered) I would not be so vain as to think myself so good a Marksman as your Honour.*

*Sir Tasty.*

Why, did you ever see me shoot?

*Voss.*

No, Sir, but then I can tell by the Appearance of a Gentleman and his Make, what he is excellent in.

*Mr. Tasty.*

Why, then, Sir, you are a very knowing Fellow, for I am one of the best Shots in *England*.

The Baronet then clapped Mr. *Voss* on the Thigh, shook him heartily by the Hand, swore he was a damn'd honest Fellow, quite the Thing, and carried him to see his Chafers. Mr. *Voss* lifted up his Eyes and Hands in Admiration of the young Baronet's great Talents; and grasping Sir *Tasty's* Hand, cried out, *Go on, Sir, pursue thus the Study of Nature; delicately, minutely enter into her Predicaments, by the Analysis of Creation's smallest Productions; 'twas by these, and other as noble Searches, Researches and Investigations, that our Royal Society has gained so great a Character, has made such*

*ample Discoveries, and has so greatly benefitted our Country. Their Enquiries are universal; and yet I wonder they never critically considered, if a Man might, or might not specifically creep into a Bottle; and how long any Lady from Elizabeth Canning's Example may hold out. But, I beg Pardon, Sir Tasty, for this Digression, and must say to you, as Pausanias did to the younger Cyrus upon a similar Occasion, wonderful is your Strength of Soul, which makes you impervious to the Fascination of Delights; encircled with Pleasures, as you are, yet you can attend to such improving Exercises, and thus blend the Naturalist with the fine Gentleman.*

A Servant then brought them a Summons from the Tea-table; as they entered, they found *Tom Fool* relating to the Ladies, what Effect her Ladyship's Letter had among the Parish Officers.

*Miss Fash* addressed *Mr. Voss*, as he seated himself; *Oh, Sir, here's that good-natured Creature we were talking of at Dinner.*

*Tom Fool.*

The Gentleman has seen me before, Madam.

*Mr. Voss.*

Very likely, Child—I admire your Goodefs; therefore pray take my Mite

as

as a Remembrance of my Regard to you.

*Tom Fool.*

No, I thank you, Sir, I don't want your five Shillings now; if you had given the poor Woman but half that Sum, when I begged you.

*Mr. Voss.*

And did not I?

*Tom Fool.*

No, you know you did not.

*Mr. Voss.*

You know in whose Presence you are; therefore it would be wrong in me to say any more to you, least I tempt you to commit more Sin.

*Tom Fool.*

Sin! Sin!

*Sir Tasty.*

Hush, *Tom*, consider who you are speaking to, and where.

*Miss Fash.*

Nay, dear Brother, let *Tom* speak; perhaps there may be some Error in this; for you know, Sir *Tasty*, *Tom* is an honest Creature, and remarkable for always speaking Truth.

That's true (replied the Baronet) *Tom* shall have fair Play. faith; come, Ladies, sit round, we'll make a Ring; come, let's pit *Tom* and the Doctor. But Mr.

*Voss* starting up from his Chair, his pimpled Cheeks all purpling with Ire, *no, no, no, no, n-o*, (he stammered out) *I won't be a May-game*. And, before they could, or would prevent him, left the Room, mounted his Horse, and trotted out of the Court-yard in that Hurry of Spirit, known by the technical Term—Hell upon Earth.

While *Tom Fool*, at Heart's Ease, related Mr. *Voss's* Refusal to the Family. *Tom's* Figure and Manner, with Miss *Fash's* Inclinations and Affections (as the Poet says) all combating together.—But here the Historian, like any other great Man, leaves his dependant Reader in Suspence, and runs back to Town to pick up fresh Matter for the ensuing Chapter.

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## C H A P . VIII.

**I**T was Club-night, and Mr. Churchwarden, the Chairman, had provided an elegant Supper for the Society, of Tripe and Cow-heels; But how were they to be dressed? Boiled, or fried? This Question occasioned much Dissention; the evil Spirit Party entered among them with all it's infernal Concomitants, Opposition, Abuse, Envy, Uproar, and much Swearing. But the Landlady's Daughter observing, if some was boiled, and some was fried, all might be pleased.—It was agreed to; the Members shook Hands, and sat down to Supper with great Satisfaction.

The Meal over, and the Pipes filled, the mute Taciturnity incircling Clouds of Smoak sailed round the Room; but Mr. *Rust*, the Nail-seller, happening to break his Pipe, just as he was in the Marrow of it, destroyed the Tranquility all the Club was enjoying, by swearing at the Pipe-makers; saying, *I wonder, so I do, since they have made Acts of Parliaments for every Thing else, why there was not one to make Tobacco-pipes stronger; it's a Hardship upon the Subject they are not so.*

Mr.

Mr. *Thyll*, as he shovelled up the Cinders, turning his Head half-round to the Right, scowled at him; replying, *What, you are one of your Acts of Parliament-men, are you? Pray, what Occasion is there for any Acts of Parliament? There's your Turnpikes and your Broad-wheels very pretty Acts indeed. I have been a Carrier now this forty Years, I wanted no Turnpikes, nor Broad-wheels, neither.*

Mr. *Derivate*, the Schoolmaster, observed, as he was chusing a clean Pipe; *that, as for Turnpikes, he seldom, for his Part, went abroad; so it was nothing to him, if not one Turnpike was to be erected all over England. But,* added he (as he stirred the Punch about) *Broad-wheels are absolutely and essentially necessary for the Good of the whole Nation, since no Waggon could now overturn as before, and spoil the Goods, as I was served, having a Cask of Burton Ale staved, within two Miles of my own House, by the Waggon's oversetting, occasioned by the Want of Broad-wheels.*

The Landlord reaching over for the Snuffers, declared, he did not believe that Turnpikes did half so much Harm as Postchaises. *But they study all the Ways they can, to ruin Old England.*

*Our*



*Our Elections come but once in seven Years, unless occasioned by a Death, or so; and then it's Odds, if there's an Opposition. Now, if we had annual Parliaments, and proper Oppositions, we mought say, our Gentlefolks then do Things for the Good of their Country.*

Mr. Chairman, awakened by the Fall of a Glass, stared round at his Companions, and hearing the Landlord's last Words; replied, *Good of one's Country; yes, to be sure, catch them at that; no, no, they are all for the Good of the Town; but, come, drink about. I'll give you a Toast; here's fewer Taxes, and no Placemen; may our Officers by Land and by Sea serve us for nothing; and every Lord in the Land take a Town's 'Prentice.*

*Now you talk of Elections (Mr. Lee, the Soap-boiler observed) Pray, when are our Members to send us the new Bills? But that's Parish Business.*

*Ay, ay, and Parish Business is every Body's Business; and every Body's Business is no Body's Business. This, Mr. Swill, starting up, declared; but, in his Hurry, beat Mr. Goose's Pipe into his Mouth with one Elbow, and with the other, dashed a Glass against Mr. Flax's Teeth, which the quiet Hemp-dresser had just raised to his Head, in Honour of Mr. Thrum's*



*Thrum's Toast; but many Things fall between the Cup and the Lip, as Mr. Swill said; and begging Pardon, thus went on. We have so many selfish People among us, who only want to have their own Turns served, and don't care what becomes of the Parish.*

*Selfish People, replied Mr. Goose (spitting out the Fragments of a broken Pipe) Pray, didn't you, Mr. Swill, put down a new Pump, last Year, in the School-yard? And did not you new-lead all the Church-windows, because you was Churchwarden, and because you was Plumber and Glazier?*

*Yes, I did, answered Mr. Swill, and, seizing his Bumper, wished the Glass might never go through him, if he did not behave in that, as much for the Good of his Country, as e'er a Man among them all; For does not all our Parish fetch Water at that Pump? And is not every Body to receive Benefit by the Church-windows.*

Mr. Townclerk, his Brother-in-Law, gave his Opinion next; that, according to my Lord Cooke upon *Littleton*, every Man possesses a Right within himself, a Kind of Feoffment, or Covert Baron, by which he is entitled to lay, or lie out, Part or Parts of Money, collected by him

him from the Public, for the Public's Good.

*Repeat no Grievances* (replied Mr. Lee) *mind King Charles's Rules; here, for all it a'ant Saturday Night, here's our Wives and Sweethearts; they are all making a Rout and a Racket at Mr. Thrum's; let's all go and make one with them.* Mr. Lee's Motion was seconded, and they all agreed to march in Order, and pay the Ladies a Visit.

First went Mr. Churchwarden and Chairman, supported on his Right by a Crutch-headed Stick; and on his Left by the Shoulder of a Stage Coachman, preceded by the Postilion, bearing the Stable Lanthorn.

Then followed the rest of the Members, two by two, Arm-link'd in Arm, all but Mr. *Derivate* the School-master; he brought up the Rear; or, to speak more properly, was brought up in the Rear, by his two Bearers, Sir *Tasty's* Whipper-in, and little *Sam* the Boot-catcher. In this Order they safely arrived at Mr. *Thrum's* House; where we'll let them rest a-while from their Walk; and then, with fresh Spirits, begin a new Chapter.

## C H A P. IX.

**T**OM, the Tapster, who had been dispatched from the main Body of the Club, to see how the Ladies went on, before a Bumper had gone round, returned affrighted ; telling his Master, the Gentlefolks were all fighting ; and he heard his Mistress scream most dismally. Away went the Landlord, Mr. *Dulter*, to his Wife's Assistance ; the rest of the Husband's following, all but the dispassionate School-master ; it was beneath a Philosopher, he said, to mind Quarrels ; therefore he would keep Centry over the Punch-bowl.

The Noise of the Combatants directed the Gentlemen to the Place of Battle. Mr. *Dulter*, the Publican, was the first who entered ; as he straddled over the fallen Carcase of Mrs. *Flims*, (who lay parallel to the Threshold) a Pair of brass Snuffers violently met his Nose, flung from the fair Fist of the eldest Miss *Lee*.

The Townclerk, who close followed Mr. *Dulter*, tripped up the Steps, over Lady *Grott's* Woman, and tumbling into the Room, pitched his Head (like a battering Ram) against the Small of the Landlord's Back. The Shock would have sent Mr. *Dulter* to the Ground,

Ground, had not he met with the Edge of a Chimney-piece in his Stumble, that brought him up again, with only the Addition of a fresh Lump on his Forehead. But Mr. Townclerk sunk half stupefied, his Neck almost dislocated, spreading out his Arms, to save himself as he fell, his right Palm pressed upon the overthrown Madam *Thrum's* Nostrils ; enraged, she seized his Fingers in her Teeth, which made him send forth such a Roar, that alarmed his Wife ; she left off mangling Master *Thrum*, whose Face her Nails had marked with Scratches, equal to the irregular Strokes on a Shoemaker's cutting Board ; and rushed to her Husband's Rescue.

A Shriek at that Moment from Mrs. *Swill*, hurried her Spouse to assist her ; but met in Midway Madam Townclerk, forcible was the Shock that each received, Breast to Breast, Face to Face — Backward, bruised, out of Breath, and speechless fell the Townclerk's Wife ; while *Swill* pursued his Way. But now the down-fallen Madam *Thrum* seized him by the Ankle ; the sudden Gripe (like Orchard-robber, caught in Fox-trap) brought him to the Ground ; and as he fell, he caught Hold of Madam *Goose's French* Pocket-hole ; the Poplin Sack

Sack and upper Petticoat gave Way, down he tumbled, rending as he sunk ; while the suffering Lady appeared all on one Side uncloathed (except her Skeleton Hoop.) She looked like the unplanked Side of a Ship's Stern, with her Ribs all bare.

Madam *Goose* frantic with the Affront, (like *Hecuba* at the Siege of *Troy*) seized on the first Man next her, Mr. *Thrill* ; she tore his Chitterlin, kicked his Shins, spit in his Face ; he all the While retreating Back, till he came to the Spot where Madam Townclerk was overthrown. She was then endeavouring to raise herself up, by the Help of her Hands out-spread on the Floor ; but just then Mr. *Thrill*'s Heel crushing her Fingers, she fixed her Teeth fast in the Calf of his Leg ; the sudden Smart made him raving mad ; he fell upon Mrs. *Goose*, overset the Soap-boiler's Daughter ; gave Mrs. *Inkle* a black Eye, and struck every one in his Reach ; when souze o'er his Face a Dish of hot buttered Applepye was sent from the Sideboard by Mrs. *Inkle* ; the scalding Cataplasm stuck to his Features ; he roared, he called for Help, he flung his Arms about, and blinded as he was, Mr. *Dulter* just then passing by him with a large Kettle of boiling Water,



Water, which he had taken off the Fire to prevent Mischief, Mr. *Thrill* seized the Publican by the hind-part of his Coat-Collar; backwards they both fell; the cover, by the sudden Jerk, came off; and the streaming Liquor, splashed, sprayed and scalded all the intermingled Combatants.

The parboiled Gentlemen and Ladies, frightened to Death, as they felt the blistering Liquor, left off at once; and after some Moments recovering their Senses, rejoicing to find themselves alive, they shook Hands round, agreed to forget and to forgive, picked up the Overthrown, and adjourned into the Dwelling-house to refresh and refit themselves. There they saw all at his Length stretched out, the much inebriated School-master; after he was left to himself, he fell asleep; and dreaming, being hot at Heart, that the House was on Fire, seized the Punch-bowl, by way of Bucket, and dashed it against the Wainscot; with the Swing, down he came to the Ground, and there he lay 'midst Puddles of Punch, and shining Fragments of blue and white China. While they are recruiting their Spirits, we shall, as faithful Historians ought to do, enquire into the Cause of this Confusion. Assist me, Mr. *Hogarth*, to tell how it happened.

## C H A P. X.

**N**OW let me beg of all my Readers, gentle and simple, and all simple Gentlefolks, to observe, that Gaming is one of the seven deadly Sins, to all beneath Right Honourables; for it is well known noble Folks never sin, unless they waive their Privileges—but to go on with this History.

Madam Churchwarden's Visitants had for several Hours maintained that becoming Behaviour, so necessary at the politest Card-tables. The Conversation, pertinent to the Evening's Entertainment, was preserved with an unaffected Freedom.—For Instance——

*Pray, how came you to be six? — Play away—We are two by Honours—No, but you a'ant—You hold a foul Card, Miss—I pass eldest—Can you one—Your beasted, Madam—Forty-four for Point—I stand—Not good—Three by Cards—Fish and Mats—Pair Royal of Aces—Call a Card—King of Hearts—Spades is Trumps—Spadille speak—Whose to deal—Play a Trump—We've saved our Lurch—Highest and Jack—Our Game, a Guinea—Who brags next—Change Seats, &c. &c. &c.*

In



In the Midst of this agreeable Chat, a Revoke was made by Madam *Ibrum*, which threw that Whist-table into some Confusion; and just then at the Bragg-table, there happened a Dispute about a leaden Shilling, which no Person would own; but it was judged to be one of Mrs. Churchwarden's Counters, for her Husband had taken several leaden Shillings in his Grocery Business, and nailed them to his Counter; but after his Spouse set up her Rout, she had the Nails drawn, the bad Money brushed up, and adding three white Metal Tops of Buttons from her Husband's working Frock, *complicated* (as she said) one Set of Counters. Twelve *Birmingham* Halfpence, well scowered, made a second Dozen. The same Quantity of King *Charles's* Farthings made the third. Her Brother, the Tinman, made her a Present of half a Gross of Fishes made by his 'Prentice. Thus the Quadrille and Picquet Tables were equipped; but where she played herself, the Markers she used were more valuable; for her Husband was not only a Grocer and Churchwarden, but also an Antiquarian; from his Collection she had picked out a Set of his most valuable Pieces to score with; *viz.* a Queen *Elizabeth's* Shilling,  
and

and *Oliver Cromwell's Breeches*, a *Holland Doit*, a *King William's* and *Queen Mary's Silver Three-pence*, two *Six-Stiver Pieces*, a *Dollar*, a *Brass Jacobus*, a *Flemish Shilling*, a *Ticket for the King's Road*, a *Piece of Eight*, and an old round Thing of Copper, all honey-comb'd with Rust, which her Spouse called his *Notho*. But these she only used at public Times, such as Assemblies in the Race Week, the Ball-Night at an Election, and her own Rout.

The leaden Shilling being sentenced, as before-mentioned, it was dispatched from Mrs. Townclerk, with her Compliments to *Madam Thrum*, and begged her Honour would change it. Now the Message being delivered in the critical Minute, when the Revoke was fixed upon her; Is it to be wondered at, that she could not keep her Temper? She did not; but replying, with a shrill Voice, *some People were in a mighty Hurry for their Money, she was not running away; and that she'd have Madam Kenting to know, she knew what good Money was, and had as much on't, thank God, as her Neighbours.*

*Thank God? no, no, thank the Jury,* (retorted Mrs. Kenting) *for giving your Husband five Hundred Pounds Damages,*  
when

*when you and the Squire were catched in Bed together.*

Truth is not to be told at all Times. Mrs. *Thrum* rose up at the Reproach, all red with Revenge; oversetting a Piquet Table as she passed, the Corner of which fell upon a Leg of Miss *Fiddy's* Lapdog, who shook the Air with his Shrieks; but the Churchwarden's Lady crouded on regardless, and stretching herself forwards over the Table, spit full in Madam Townclerk's Face; saying, *take that, Huzzy.* The Lady returned the Insult by a blazing Candle, which singed as it stuck, between the smitched Brows of Madam Churchwarden. High in Wrath Mrs. *Kenting* followed her Blow, and dashed the Candlestick in Madam *Thrum's* Face; who, with bleeding Nose, fell backwards on the Floor, murmuring out, Murder! Murder!

Mrs. *Allspice*, who was at the Side-table, eating some cold Sirloin, seeing her Sister-in-Law's Distress, flung a half picked Bone of Beef at Mrs. *Kenting*; but it hit Miss *Fiday's* Forehead, as she was dressing her Lap-dog's Bruise; the sudden Shock made her drop the Puppy, and run bellowing with Hands held up towards the Door; but in her Way she

overset the Shop-boy, who had a large Custard in his Hands, Part of which falling on Miss *Hannah Lee's* Negligee, so provoked the Soap-boiler's Daughter, that snatching up the Dozen of *Birmingham's*, she volleyed them at the Head of the unfortunate Miss *Fiddy*; but they missed the young Lady, and Madam *Dulter*, the Publican's Wife, received a Bruise with some of the Halfpence over the Wedding-ring Finger, just as she was opening her Snuff-box; and as she rose up at the Stroke, a Pewter Plate skimmed from the Side-board by Mrs. *Allspice*, met her full on the Mouth; with hideous Crash her three best Fore-teeth sunk on the Floor, Victims to the Pewter Plates superior Weight of Metal. Now the Battle became general; Pompoons, Gawze, Aprons, Double Ruffles, Paste Ear-rings and Cambrick Tuckers spread the Floor; all were employed in tearing, shrieking, scratching, biting, kicking, crying, spitting; all, except my Lady *Grott's* Woman; she had some Time before sunk supine across the Door-way, immersed in Drink and Sleep; she heeded not the Battle, like the Cabin-boy on the Round-top, regardless slumbered out the Storm. In  
this

this Condition they were, when *Tom*, the Tapster, brought the News, as was before related.

But now, Reader, with your Leave, we'll quietly conduct you out of this Noise, and usher you to more delicate Descriptions — To the soft Scenes of Love and Harmony, where the fragrant Zephyrs, filled with Aromatics, undulate Perfumes; sweet as *Arabian* Breezes, Spice Island Gales, or Spirits of *La-vender*.

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## C H A P. XI.

FOR some Days after the Combat abovementioned, neither the Members of the Club, nor the Members of the Rout, went abroad. Mr. *Thrill's* Leg was under the Surgeon's Hands; Miss *Fiddy's* Dog under the Farriers: Mrs. *Dulter* was ashamed to shew her Face; and Miss *Lee's* Sack was gone to be dyed; all the Effects of Gaming—But we shall leave philosophizing, and enquire into the Truth of Mrs. *Flim's* Report concerning Miss *Fash*, and her Fondness for *Tom Fool*.

Violently she admired him; the Symptoms too plainly appeared.—Loss of Appetite—Want of Sleep—An uncommon Fondness for Solitude, when he was not at the Hall; and an Abhorrence of Cards. Which last *Sappho* calls the most inveterate Diagnostic.

Poor young Lady, how was her Mind divided, between pleasing her Fancy, and Honour, and Reputation, and a charming Fellow, and Coaches and six, and Child-bed Linnen; she struggled vastly; but it was easy to guess who would prove the best Wrestler. Pride, indeed, held her up some Time; and Fear kept her  
a little



a little upon her Legs ; but Love, at last, Love got the better.—Love, the most powerful of the Passions, like Death, like Drunkenness, or a hot Spring Tide, Love is an universal Leveller.

At this Time *Tom* was with her Brother at a great Twirling Match ; but she resolved, as soon as young *Fool* returned, to break her Mind by Letter to him.

At this Meeting all the principal Folks of the Country were assembled ; among whom Mr. *Yeast* cut no inconsiderable Figure ; he was looked upon to be the proudest Man in the World, and indeed he had Reasons for it ; he was related to a noble Family, had a great Estate of his own, besides a large Cathedral Income ; he was a Humorist, for he kept two Men in Labourers Pay, whose whole Business consisted in driving poor People, Neighbours, as well as Strangers, from his Pales, Stables and Outhouses. Least (as he said) the Wretches should bring some infectious Distemper into his Family. Yet this was not done out of Covetousness, for he once spent ten Thousand Pounds at an Election, to support an Opposition ; because the old Member had contradicted him at the Quarter Sessions. This Gentleman threatened to cane *Tom Fool*, for challenging a Chafer



Mr. *Yeast's* Man had pitted ; *Tom* insisting on it to be Sir *Tasty's* Breed.

The young Baronet, every Evening when the Twirling was over, used to return to Town to visit Miss *Bonville*, and left *Tom* there. Mr. *Yeast* found young *Fool* in a Parlour of the Inn by himself ; upon which, reddening with Rage, and clubbing his Whip, he called out, *Sirrah, you Rascal, down on your Knees and ask me Pardon, for that audacious Lie you told To-day, about my Chafers, or I'll break every Bone in your Skin, you Bougre.*

*Tom*, not being used to such Threats, replied coolly, *What Right have you to break my Bones, Sir ? What Right, you Scoundrel ? What Right ? Shall such Scums of the Earth, as you, ask me what Right ?* Mr. *Yeast* could say no more ; he was choaked with Passion ; black in the Face he looked like a half-strangled Turkey Cock ; and like that angry Animal, he flew at *Tom Fool*, aiming a Blow with his heavy handled Whip. *Tom* nimbly avoided the Stroke ; Mr. *Yeast* overreaching himself, fell down, Face foremost, striking his Forehead against the Edge of a two-ear'd Pewter Utensil, which happened to be placed Waistband high on two Brackets, in the Corner of the Room where he fell.

*Tom*

*Tom* turning round, resolved not to be beat tamely, and seized the Whip. The Pain of his Forehead, and Fear of *Fool*, who seemed determined to exercise the new gained Weapon, made Mr. *Yeast* roar out for Help; the Servants rushed in, picked up this very proud Man, and put him to Bed. All the Time he was undressing, he vowed Revenge against poor *Tom*; and that as God should spare his Life, he never would leave him, till he got him transported to the worst of his Majesty's Plantations.

Bearing Malice is not one of the thirty-nine Articles, to be sure.—But, alas, who can help it? We are not all of us, as every body ought to be. Sin and Folly are two very leading Fashions, and many People appear in each, not out of weak or bad Minds, but merely out of Politeness; because they wont put their Friends and Acquaintance out of Countenance.

Next Day Mr. *Yeast* had *Tom* brought up before the Company, and insisted on the Baronet's discharging that Scoundrel. *I am no Scoundrel* (interrupted *Tom*) *God made me, as well as you, Sir.*—Hush, *Tom* (replied his Patron) you talk like a Presbyterian, Child. What

has my Servant done to you, Mr. *Yeast*? —Now the Reader must be informed, that Sir *Tasty* had been told the Truth by the Servants who picked Mr. *Yeast* up; therefore the young Baronet made a Jest of what Mr. *Yeast* told him, of *Tom*'s throwing him down, and otherwise maletreating him; but Sir *Tasty* smiling, made the proud Man very uneasy; and he told *Tom*'s Master, he thought it no laughing Matter, and insisted upon Satisfaction.

Sir *Tasty* was just returned from his Travels; and we all know, if there is nothing else to be taught abroad, you are sure of being tutored in Punctilios.

Punctilios are all in all abroad. The Baronet was hurt, to think any Man dare demand Satisfaction of him; he arose, and giving Mr. *Yeast* the Look contemptuous, cried out, *You shall have Satisfaction; I'm not to be called upon twice for that—I have not made the Grand Tour for nothing, 'pon owner. Tom, fetch me down my Pistols.*

But at that Moment Mr. *Yeast* caught Hold of *Tom*, and with much Hesitation, tho' very mildly, desired Mr. *Fool* to stay; for (as he wisely observed) *What Occasion have your Master and I to murder one another in cold Blood?* As he spoke,

spoke, his Knees trembled, cold Drops of Sweat stood on his Face, his Lips turned livid, his clammy Tongue stuck to his parched Palate ; all fevered with Fear, he then addressed Sir Tasty, *If I have said any Thing, Sir Tasty, to offend you, I ask your Pardon; I might be too rash—You may be too rash—Pistols? I don't fear dying, to be sure; because it is a Debt we must all pay; but to shoot one another, as if we were Deserters?—That is bad enough (replied a Gentleman) come, let's forget and forgive; come, Tasty, don't be queer now, shake Hands with Orthodoxy, for once be reconciled to Religion.*

The young Baronet bowed, smiled, and stretched out his Hand. Mr. Yeast's met it amicably ; the Dæmon of Discord was drowned in a half-pint Bumper ; and the choice Spirit, good Fellowship, again presided over the Society.

## C H A P. XII.

**T**OM *Fool* won his Match, and his Master took him Home in the Post Chariot. After they had gone about ten Miles, the Baronet woke by a sudden Jolt, and rubbing his Eyes, asked *Tom* what he had been thinking about.

*Fool.*

Thinking, Sir?—Indeed, I had some very odd Thoughts come into my Head just now. Pray, Sir, if you and Mr. *Yeast* had killed one another, with Pistols Yesterday, what Satisfaction would that have been to either of ye?

*Sir Tasty.*

Satisfaction? No, *Tom*, you mistake. Not according to the vulgar Meaning of the Word Satisfaction, I grant you; but you must know, that every Thing has two Meanings, a Gentleman's Meaning, and a Mechanic's.

*Fool.*

Yes, Sir, but, begging your Pardon, Is it not a Shame, that People should shoot one another, without going to War?

*Sir Tasty.*

Why, *Tom*, as to that—It's Taste—and a Man of Honour, Family, and Fashion, is only to consider that.

*Fool.*

*Fool.*

But, Sir, if every Word, as you are pleased to say, has a double Meaning, How shall I be sure, that I always understand you right ?

*Sir Tasty.*

Oh, as to that, *Tom*, I shall always speak plain to you. But, what I mean by a Word to be taken two Ways, is, when I talk to those out-of-the-way Creatures one has no Acquaintance with; for Instance, now; you saw that Man Yesterday in the shabby Mourning give me his Scheme, as he called it; to get Rid of him, I promised to shew it to the Minister; I promised, indeed; promised, upon onner; I could do no less.—But, what then?—Great Men must not be disturbed—I did but promise—It was quite the Thing, for me to promise—But it would not be the Thing, if I was to keep my Word. No, no.

*Fool.*

But, pray, Sir, must not I keep my Promises ?

*Sir Tasty.*

Undoubtedly, *Tom*, when 'tis for your Advantage, or for my Interest. But, *Tom*, there is a great Difference between such People as you, and me; for Instance now, suppose you promise a Girl



Matrimony, the Law makes you keep your Word ; or, at least, the Parish Officers force you to maintain the Child.

*Fool.*

Yes, Sir.

*Sir Tasty.*

But what has Churchwardens to do with me, *Tom*? Suppose I took my Oath upon the Bible, or any other Book, no Matter what, that I would marry a handsome Girl; and, upon that, she lets me come to Bed to her. What, then? I'm not to keep my Word, am I?—No. How should I be looked upon by the World, if I did? Hellishly, by Jesus ;—No, no, *Tom*, ever while you live, remember, Men of Birth and Breeding, never think nor speak like other Folks ; nor is it fit we should ; What have we else to value ourselves upon?—But, hold, bid the Boy stop ; take Home the Chaise, and send it to the *George* at Ten. Away then tripped *Sir Tasty* to his admired Miss *Bonville* ; and Home to Miss *Fash* went the admired *Tom Fool*.

## C H A P. XIII.

NIGHT is the Sabbath of human Kind ; Midnight therefore is high-Holiday.—Oft at this witching Time of Night, the Mind-tainted fair One expects her dear Undoer.—Thus it was—We are sorry to say it ;—But thus it was with Miss *Fash*.—She was in Bed—Listening impatiently to each Beat of her Repeater. Her heaving Breasts, *Brusfels* Tucker, glowing Cheeks, Cambrick Sheets——But bear back a little, Reader—it was neither thee, nor me, she was expecting. Let us therefore creep softly off the Carpet, and hide ourselves under the Toilet Veil.

Her Chamber-door gently opening, she raised her Head, looking like *Eve* in the nuptial Bower, and sweetly whispered, *My dear Tom Fool, is it you ?*

No, Madam, it is not *Tom Fool*, nor am I to be made a Fool of—a Voice immediately answered ; and on the Instant, her Brother, *Sir Tasty*, presented himself before her. Shame, Grief, Anger, Fear, Pride, and Disappointment prevented her Reply ; pale, mute, and motionless she lay, like the Effigy of Beauty in monumental Marble. Thus her Brother went

on. *So it was Tom Fool you expected? I know it; he told me so himself.* She then gave a Shriek, which brought her Maid into the Bed-chamber; Miss bursting into Tears, begged her Brother to withdraw, till she had put on her Night-cloaths. Sir *Tasty* obeyed, and by a Sign from the Maid, secreted himself in *Betty's* Bed-room.

Miss *Fash* huddling on her Cloaths in an Agony, which I hope no fair Lady may feel for the future, flew into her Mama's Apartment; and sobbing, begged, for God's Sake, that *Tom Fool* might be turned away that very Moment.

Lady *Grotto*, the fondest of all Mothers, without asking any more Questions, gave an Order for *Tom's* instant Discharge, much to the Grief of all the other Servants; between one and two that Morning, *Tom* was turned out of Doors.—Poor Fellow, he never once complained. All he said, was, *he thanked God, he had not done any Thing to deserve such Treatment.*—Then he walked into a Poddock, close to the Garden, and as it was Moonshine and warm Weather, he finished his Nap under a new-made Hay-stack.

The

The Baronet unjustly accused *Tom Fool*; that young Fellow had not opened his Lips to any one Person concerning this Assignment; but Sir *Tasty* told her so for the Joke's Sake, only to hum her a little.

He knew she had a great Inclination for *Tom*; but as he used to reason, with himself; *What's that to me, if she does please herself with Tom, and it a'nt blown?—It don't hurt me, as long as she keeps the Thing secret; the Honour of our Family is preserved; and I'm sure I can depend upon my Sister's Taste for that. She knows Things, nobody better. As to Girls of Spirit and Fortune pleasing their Fancy, if they can snug, let them; it's the Thing abroad, and quite so, I think, at Home.*

We may therefore be certain, from his Manner of Reasoning, he was not suspicious of his Sister.—It was by mere Accident he that Night blundered into Miss *Fash's* Apartment.

Her Maid, he had prevailed upon, for five Guineas in Hand, and the Promise of ten more, to suffer him to be her Bed-fellow; but it happened unluckily for all Parties, that the very Evening his Sister expected *Tom*, that very Evening her Maid expected Sir *Tasty*. For tho'  
the

the Baronet was upon very good Terms with Miss *Bonville*, yet, as the Settlement Deeds were not executed, she still preserved her Honour. No Wonder, therefore, by way of just taking a *Snap* before Dinner, he had a Mind to his Sister's Attendant; and as he crept up Stairs softly, but not quite sober, by the Candle's burning, he mistook the Rooms, and occasioned the Disturbance before-mentioned.

The Baronet had not set long in the Maid's Room, before *Betty* returned; and after Miss *Fash* heard the Sentence for *Tom's* Dismission pronounced, she arose to regain her own Chamber; but a sudden Sicknefs seized her, just as she had left her Mama's Bed-side; her Limb's, with the Surprize of one Thing and another, began to fail her; she had not Strength to reach her own Room; but sighing, trembling, she tottered into her Maid's; where, to her great Surprize, she saw her Brother half undressed, and her own Woman with only her under Petticoat on.

Miss *Fash* sunk down on the Deal-box, *Betty's* only Repository; and after taking some Sal Volatile, to recover her Spirits, thus began to accost her Brother. O fy, Brother, A'nt you ashamed

*of yourself? I could not have thought you would have been so mean spirited, to take up with a Servant Wench. A Man of your Fortune, to be so vulgar—I am ashamed, Brother; Is it not monstrous shocking in you, to make your own Mother's House a common Bagnio?—You, a Man of Spirit—O my God! What is become of Men's Honour?*

Sir Tasty was all this while putting his Cloaths on, and whistling; when he had dressed himself, he walked to the Door, turned half round upon his Heel, stared his Sister in the Face, took a Pinch of Snuff, made her a Bow, and left the Room; saying, *Fash, you are a Genius, a Genius, indeed.*

Betty fell on her Knees at the Feet of Miss Fash; and with many interrupting Sobs, confessed, *as how his Honour would never let her be at Quiet; and that he had threatened to make away with himself, so he had, if she would'nt let him; and that she was afraid as how his Ghost would haunt her; for she was but a poor simple Girl, to be sure; but yet she would'nt be a Whore for all the World—But only that his Honour's Life was in Danger; and yet she should pray for her Ladyship, as long as she had Breath; because her Ladyship had*  
*been*



*been so good as to come in, and save her from committing such a Sin.*

Miss *Fash*, tho' chagreen'd to Death, could not help smiling at the Girl's innocent Notions of Sin; but then recollecting such poor Creatures should be kept in the Dark; she gave the Girl the following Advice.

*Betty*, you are never to let the Men take any Liberties with you—*No, indeed, Madam*—Don't interrupt me, I say, *Betty*; if once you put yourself into a Man's Power, it's just as if I was to give my Squirrel a Suit of Gauze Linnen to play with; they'll ruin such poor Girls as you, *Betty*, Soul and Body. — *Very true, indeed, Madam.* They take no more Notice of such Wenches as you, after they have had their Wills of you, than I do of a broken Tea-cup—For Men are Monsters—Monsters, *Betty*;—And Virtue, Child, is the best Portion a poor Person can have; --- For Content is always better than great Riches; besides, not only Sin, but the Shame that attends such Doings---For suppose, now, you was to have a Bastard, and not wherewithal to maintain it, then you might be put into *Bridewell*.

*Maid.*

O, dear Madam, I never will be a Whore, as long as I live. *Miss.*

*Miss.*

Don't, *Betty*, for it is the most scandalous Life in the World ; and there can be no Pleasure in it, that I insist upon.—To let Men—No—Henceforth I detest the Idea—Villains, Betrayers, base Betrayers—I'm resolved—I'll shut myself up from their Sight.—An involuntary Sigh prevented her making any more rash Resolutions ; and she for some Time sat silent. Lost in Thought, with folded Arms, and downcast Eyes, until roused by a too severe Remembrance, she upstarted, ordering the trembling *Betty* to attend her, to unpin, to draw the Curtains, and read her to Sleep.

Once more, Reader, behold *Miss Fash* in Bed ; her Maid at her Side, with a Catch-penny Novel in her Hand—Before *Betty* had ton'd thro' three Pages--(matchless Force of Stupidity) *Miss Fash*, tho' much disturbed before, grew resigned---her Sighs subside---she turned her tear-dewed Cheek to the downy Pillow, which, swelling to her Pressure, hid the finest Profile that even Mr. *Hudson* ever imitated ; and a soft breathing Slumber silenced all her Sorrows.

*Betty* kept not long awake after ; the Narcotic Volume operated equal on the delicate

Delicate and the Coarse ; for, like the Plague, Dulness shews no Respect to Persons.

Down from her snuffy Fingers slid the Book, back dropped her strengthless Arms, against the *Indian* Cabinet she lolled her Head, and with loud Snore proclaimed the Reign of Sleep ; to whose black Wand each Inhabitant of the Hall was now resigned ; while, from Bed to Bed, the fantastic fairy Vision tripped, whispering in each Ear, Scenes formerly transacted, or frightening, flattering and fooling them with future Prospects, and unconnected Events.

## C H A P. XIV.

**A**T the Bottom of a new-made Stack, cut like an inverted Cone, with an Arm-full of Hay for his Pillow, poor *Tom* lay sleeping; the mild beaming Moon brightening every Object around him.

The distant Steeples, Turrets, and Slate-topped Houses seemed silvered — beneath the Hedges Gloom, the Glow-worms glimmered thro' the leafy Trees; the whispering Wind rocked the little Birds to Rest, that were perched on the Velvet-budding Branches; the Dew-moistened Gra's glistened, as if thick sown with Pearl; the bleating Ewes, and baaing Lambs lay by him; and, on an up-hill Land, at Distance, with Legs bent underneath them, chewing the Cud, the lowing Herds were rested; while midst the Reeds a rippling Rivulet shining, slowly rolled over the Water-polished Pebbles; and the unclouded Arch of Heaven, studded with Stars, canopied the Landskape.

Twilight soon brought on Day; the Cock began to clap his Wings, kawing Rooks forsook their Elms, the Face of Earth fresh opened to the Sun.-----*But  
what*

*what is all this Description for?* (Thus intelligent Readers may cry out) But to stop all future Fault-finders, the Transcriber assures them, it was wrote for,---for,---for the Sake of Description.

*Tom Fool*, awoke by the Birds, made the best of his Way to Town, to collect his Debts, and then resolved to go to *London*, and look after his Relations; and find out the Reason why his Father disinherited him.

The first Person *Tom* went to, was a Publican, to whom he had lent ten Pounds; had always twirled his Chafers there, and recommended him to Sir *Tasty* to have the Baronet's Custom; and which, upon *Tom's* speaking, the Publican obtained.

I shall not take upon me to describe the sudden Change of Voice, Sentiment and Countenance, with which the Ale-seller was marked, upon hearing of *Tom's* Disgrace from his own Mouth. Every Person who meets with Misfortunes, is sure of meeting with such Subjects.

Indeed, *Tom* (*thus the Inn-keeper opened*) you have done some very bad Thing at his Honour's, or else such good Folks, as the Gentry at the Hall are, would never have turned you away, at once so, without a Character. For  
my

my Part, I shall be glad to see you, if you can make it up with his Honour, but not else; because, if his Honour should know, I should harbour you, why, he might never put his Horses up here again.

*Tom* looked a little surprized, but was too much of a Fool to fly in a Passion. He asked the Publican, mildly, for the ten Pounds; the other denied he owed him any. Young *Fool* had been so silly, as not to take a Note for the Money; for he was so very foolish, as to suppose Mankind honest, through Principle; and was weak enough to believe, that those School-boy Terms, Integrity, Gratitude, Friendship, public Spirit, Liberality and Fidelity; (Words that he had often made Themes upon) were real Qualities, and inherent among the human Species. With Indignation he left his abandoned Host, and went to others, whom he had formerly obliged with ready Money, but never before asked them for it; for he thought, as indeed every Fool will, that Mankind, being influenced by the Examples of their Betters, to behave as well as they can, consequently they would pay him as soon as they were able.

Yet



Yet not a single Shilling could he get ; it was all over with him ; he was not now his Honour's, Sir *Tasty's*, Favourite ; no, he was only *Tom Fool* out of Place, so what signified paying him, he could never lend them again, therefore they had better keep what they had got.---In this Manner, we suppose, they reasoned ; for altho' we can't see so far into every Man's Head, as *Descartes* did, we have often attended Lectures upon the human Heart, and to our Sorrow, we declare, that the Generality of two-footed Existencies, vulgarly called Barons of the Creation, have very seldom noble Blood, ebbing or flowing within any of their Ventricles.

The Reception *Tom* met with made him uneasy. The greatest Idiot that ever was born, must have been shocked at such Behaviour, (By Idiots, I don't mean those unhappy Objects, whose defective Organs make them May-games to the sounder-formed Part of the World. I mean, it would have shocked that Society of Men, who are nicknamed Idiots by their Wives, their Brothers, their Friends, their Partners, Masters, and kept Mistresses.)

*Tom* set himself upon a Bench in the new Walk, and there the Fool began to  
cry ;

cry; not that he was frightened at a Prospect of his own wretched Circumstances.---No; but sorry for the Villainy of Men; and a self Comparison, to think how he had been cheated.

Miss *Bonville* happened just then to be walking in the same Place, ruminating upon the Adventure of Miss *Fash*, and young *Fool*; for Sir *Tasty* had breakfasted with her; and told her a long Story about his Sister's Weakness. When Miss *Bonville* came to the Bench where *Tom* sat, she knew him at once; she seated herself by him, and seeing him afflicted, very compassionately took him by the Hand, told him, she knew what ail'd him, and insisted on his going Home with her.

*Tom* could not at first recollect her; for as Sir *Tasty*'s Family had sent her several good Things, and the Baronet had fallen in Love with her, she was very elegantly dressed; when he found out who she was, he was so overjoyed to see such an Alteration in her for the better, that he forgot all his own Crosses, and went Home with her, with as much Joy, as if he had been the Baronet himself.

Miss *Bonville* could not get a Syllable concerning Miss *Fash* out of *Tom Fool*,

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until

until she told him, that Sir *Tasty*, no longer ago than that Morning, swore to her, that he caught *Tom* and his Sister in Bed together. No, indeed, *Madam*, (*Tom* cried out, eagerly interrupting her) no, *Madam*, as I hope for Salvation, I had never an Intimacy with Miss *Fash*; indeed, I never had--I love her dearly—dearly, indeed, I love her; but it is a Love of Esteem, of Respect, I wish her happy, I would die to make her so.

Either the Manner in which *Tom* spoke this, or a grateful Remembrance of *Tom*'s former good Nature; that Moment upon Miss *Bonville*, a sudden Thrill shot thro' her Bosom, her Eyes swam with Tenderness; she seized young *Fool*'s Hand, and in a Tone, which is properly the Food of Love; she murmured, O *Tom Fool*, you may make any Woman happy.

*Tom*, tho' a Fool, was not insensible; he was gently giving Way to the agreeable Pressure; but recollecting that he ought to clear up Miss *Fash*'s Reputation, he kissed Miss *Bonville*'s Hand, and begged her Permission to relate the Affair with Sir *Tasty*'s Sister, as it really happened; Miss told him, she should be glad to hear it; upon which *Tom* immediately related what, if the Reader pleases, he may read in the next Chapter.

## C H A P. XV.

**M**Adam, my Father was a Baronet, whom, indeed, I have never seen since I went to School; he died about three years ago, and for what Reason, I know not, cut me off with a Shilling. Ever since I left School, I have lived at Lady *Grott's*; but as to her Daughter's Intimacy with me---Indeed, Madam, Miss *Fasb* is wronged; I would'nt have opened my Lips about her to any one Person living, had not her Brother been pleased to enlarge so very much upon his Sister's Behaviour.

I must confess, I believe Miss *Fasb* had a Sort of Friendship for me; and her Manner of Behaviour to me, when she took me to walk out with her, made me wish myself to be in proper Circumstances, that I dared to have taken Notice of it.---But, as I was---I knew it would be base in me, to seem to understand her---For I love her, Madam---And could I entice her to do any Thing beneath her Rank, which she must have done, had she carried on a Correspondence with her Brother's Servant.

(N. B. " This was the fulsome Chapter that Madam X. X. complained of, declaring it was a frightful horrid

“ Book ; and only full of Antediluvian  
 “ Notions.”)

It happened, Madam, that Miss *Fash* Yesterday met me in the Flower-garden, and throwing a Paper at me, said, pray, Mr. *Fool*, write me a fair Copy of that Song ; colouring as red as Scarlet, when she spoke ; and then, whisked away from me in a Moment. It was a Note, I own, for me to meet her that Evening at Twelve in her Dressing Room. I was struck when I read it ; it was not that I was afraid, made me hesitate ; no, I could have gone thro’ greater Dangers for her.—*Well, Tom, I know you are a generous Fellow ; but, come to the Appointment*——But, indeed, Madam, I never went there ; I could not in Justice, or in Duty. Miss *Fash*, Madam, might take what Liberties she pleased, but I had no Right to take any with her. I was her Brother’s Servant, and should defend her Honour.—You may smile, Madam, at my pretending to defend a Lady’s Honour ; but I only mean, as far as I am able.

Bonville.

*Well, dear Tom, you are so comical, pray excuse my smiling.*

*Tom.*

Every Lady may please herself, Madam.

Bonville.

Bonville.

*But, pray, Mr. Fool, how did you excuse yourself from the Assignment?*

*Tom.*

I went immediately into my own Room, wrote a Letter to Sir *Tasty*, in which I begged Pardon for my abrupt Departure; but told him, I was compelled to set out immediately to see after my Relations; my Accounts he had looked over and ballanced; all was clear, and I left the Keys in my Desk; then I again read Miss *Fash*'s Note, and burnt it in the Candle, lest I should lose it by some Accident; then, with my Mind a little easier, went to Bed, resolving to set out early in the Morning; but I was prevented by the Butler, who, between one and two, made me dress myself, and brought me my Discharge. I went away, and finished my Sleep in our Home Close.

Miss *Bonville* began to feel for *Tom*, that Sort of Affection which is generally called Love; but in the Dictionary of the Passions, it is set down under the Article Enjoyment; and, as she bent her Head towards his Breast, told him, *my dear Tom Fool, you are worthy any Lady's Love.*



Just then a loud Rap at the Door stopped any farther Connexion between them. Miss *Bonville* expected the Baronet to execute the Settlement that Day, therefore hurried *Tom* out through the Garden-gate; but charged him to meet her next Day, at the same Time and Place again.

Oh, how did she lament her Misfortune, and curse the Tedioufness of Lawyers; for, as she observed, had I been but in Possession of my two Hundred a Year, then I should not have been in such Awe and Fear of this Fop *Tasty*, nor been forced to have hurried away that fine spirited Fellow, *Tom Fool*, like a Thief. But she comforted herself, the Fatigue would soon be over, and that To-morrow she should meet him again.

When Miss *Bonville* returned into the Parlour, expecting Sir *Tasty*, she was surprized——It was not his Honour; no, it was her Honour Madam Churchwarden, who came to invite the young Lady to dine with her. Chagreened Miss *Bonville*, whose Soul was all young *Fool*'s, and who could have talked about him from Morning Song-time, to Evening Vespers, asked Madam *Thrum*, if she had heard the News about *Tom Fool*?—Dear Mame, replied the Queen of the Vestry,

Vestry, to be sure, I did hear Lady Dowager's Woman say, that Miss *Fash* was in Love with him, but I promised never to speak of it again.

Immediately Miss *Bonville* related, or, more properly, exaggerated all she had heard; insisting on it, that, to her Knowledge, Miss *Fash* would have had *Tom Fool* come to Bed to her; but he was a Lad of so much Honour, that he chose rather to leave the House half naked, than ruin his young Lady. She praised *Tom* up to the Skies, brought Miss *Fash*'s Reputation down to——but it is not to be wondered at, altho' the very scarlet Lutestring Sack Miss *Bonville* then had on, Lady *Grott*'s Daughter but last Week had sent her from the Mercer's.—O Love, O Jealousy, What is it thou wilt not do?—Or, indeed, What is it thou wilt not undo?

Madam *Thrum* took Leave of Miss *Bonville*, the Moment that young Lady had finished her Narration. Madam Warden was Eagerness herself, to be first Reporter of this Piece of News; therefore quick curtsying along the Entry, and shuffling on her Cloggs, she hastened to give Vent to the mighty Secret; leaving Miss *Bonville* to her own Thoughts, and Sir

*Tasty's* Conversation ; who soon arrived with his proper Appendages.

Perhaps the Reader expects we should relate, or let Miss *Bonville* relate her own Life. We would do so, was there any Thing in it new or surprizing ; but she met with nothing but what we see over and over every Day.

Her Father was a Country Gentleman, possessed of 900 l. *per Annum*, all which he threw away in Election and Hunting.—*This you say is very common.*

Miss *Bonville* was an only Daughter, the Toast of the Country, bred up with the utmost Delicacy ; and being told by her Mama, she was fit for a Dutcheß, despised every Man below a Title ; and at last run away with an Officer.—*This you'll allow to be very common.*

And that her Mama was immoderately fond of Cards, and that she lost large Sums ; but after Mr. *Bonville* lay'd down his Equipage, her Spirits were so sunk, that she was prescribed Cordial Waters ; but taking them rather too freely, a Consumption and Dropsy in about ten Months after carried her off.—*Common again.*

Miss *Bonville's* Lover was killed in *Flanders* the first Campaign ; she then had another, then a Third, a Fourth, Fifth,

Fifth, and Sixth.—*This is very common—*  
 At last she came into *England* with a  
*Jew Merchant*; he was siezed for a Spy,  
 and committed to Gaol. In Prison she  
 was delivered of her second Child, and  
 she staid with her *Hebrew Acquaintance*  
 till every Necessary she had was con-  
 sumed; and came away from him to  
 lay her Case open to the Town Folks  
 where she was born, when *Tom Fool*  
 found her as before mentioned.

## C H A P. XVI.

**T**HE News of *Tom's* Disgrace quickly was spread over the Town; but when the Women came to be certain he might have had Miss *Fash*, if he would, and that it was only his Fault, that she was not ruined; they mobbed him, and his'd him, called him *Molly*——Nay, we don't know what Lengths they might have proceeded, had not my Lady *Grott's* Post Chariot broke through the Throng, and somebody in it called upon *Tom Fool*; it was my Lady's Woman, who came to Town on Purpose to find him.

She had longed, wished, to have some secret Conversation with young *Fool*; but knowing Miss *Fash's* Inclinations were also bent that Way, as *Mark Anthony* did, when *Cæsar* kept *Cleopatra*, she could only sigh in secret.

But as soon as the News of *Tom's* Dismission reached her, she borrowed the Chariot, resolving to find him out; which she did very critically, rescuing him out of the Hands of an irritated Mob, and conveyed him to the *George*.—She ordered the Horses to be put up, enquired of *Tom* what he would eat, bespoke a broiled Fowl

Fowl and Mushrooms, bid the Postillion get some Ale, ordered a Bottle of *Madeira*; and then sat herself down, panting for Want of Breath; lamenting how stupid Servants were in Public-Houses, that they must be told so many Times what they should bring.

Then, directing herself to young *Fool*, she asked him, if he was not in a great Quandary, now he had lost his Place, and was without a Character.

*Tom.*

*No, Madam, I shall now make the best of my Way to London, and see after my Relations.*

*Mrs. Flimms.*

That will be very dutifully done, indeed, Mr. *Thomas*; but I'll tell you what, Child, I would not have you go to *London*, as yet, because, as why—I intend going up to *London* myself, shortly, and we'll go together.

*Tom* bowed, and thanked her—*when she thus went on*—Till I go to *London*, Mr. *Fool*, I would have you go and stay with my Brother; he is Butler to Mr. *Invoyce*, the rich Merchant. I'll give you a Letter To-day, and you shall set off with it in the Morning. I won't be many Weeks after you, for I scorn to



stay in a Family where they have used you so ill.

Young *Fool* hoped, he told her, she would not lose so good a Place, as Lady *Grott's*, upon his Account.

*Mrs. Flimms.*

*Don't you mind that, Tom, nor don't be cast down.*

*Fool.*

I am not cast down, Madam, I have done no Harm.

*Mrs. Flimms.*

That's true, *Tom*, but it's more out of your Goodness, than our Miss's Modesty.—Miss—yes, yes, she'll be any Body's Miss shortly—a pretty Piece of Work, truly, to turn a poor Lad out of Doors at Midnight.—Well, thank God, I don't value Service of a Row of Pins. If I a'nt so handsome as Miss *Fash*, what then, I am a more honest Woman; and if you like me, *Tom*, as well as I like you, why, when I come away from my Place, I'll make you my Husband.

*Tom* replied, he was very much obliged to her, to be sure; and that it was great Good-nature in her, to take so much Notice of him, and that he would never forget it, but serve her by Night and by Day. The Reply pleased *Mrs. Flimms*, she wrote him the Letter immediately; and as she gave it him, he  
thanked

thanked her, and very gallantly kissed her Hand; this she returned, by saluting his Lips, and pressing him close to her; her Arms about his Waist, her Eyes——But the abrupt Entrance of young *Blood*, prevented any farther Proceedings on either Side.

Young *Blood* was a Neighbour of Sir *Tasty's*, and an Admirer of Miss *Fash*—not with an Intent to marry her—but just to have an Affair with her; or at least, to be so intimate in the Family, that it might seem as if he had. For this Reason, her Brother and he were as great as two Gamblers. He had heard of *Tom's* Case, and being told by the Drawer, that he was in the House along with Lady Dowager's Woman, he opened the Door upon them (true Politeness consists in Freedom) called for a clean Glass, sat himself down, asked Mrs. *Flimms* how she did; and then thus addressed himself to *Tom*.

*Blood.*

So, my Lad, What's all this Hub-bub about you and *Bett Fash*? If you did get to Bed to her, so much the better; I honour you for it, you are a Fellow of Spirit.

*Tom.*

Indeed, Sir, but I never was guilty—  
*Blood.*

*Blood.*

Don't deny it, neither, *Tom*,—don't hum us—for if a Man an't ashamed of lying with a Woman, Why should he be ashamed of telling it?

*Mrs. Flimms* here interrupted, assuring the Squire, that upon her Honour, it was no such Thing. *Tom Fool* is a likely Fellow to be sure, and the best Lady in the Land, for that Matter, might like him—she observed.

*Tom Fool.*

Sir, begging *Mrs. Flimm's* Pardon, I am innocent.

*Blood.*

O, rot your Innocence.

*Tom Fool.*

I hope, Sir, it's not a Sin to be innocent, Is it, Sir?

*Blood.*

No, but it's a damn'd Shame, tho'—come here's your Health—you are a very likely Fellow, and if you did get to Bed to her.—

*Tom Fool.*

If you had been in my Place, would you, Sir?

*Blood.*

Would I? Toll de roll—There's a Question, indeed; Why, wouldn't you, Mr. Mock Modesty?

*Tom.*

*Tom Fool.*

No, indeed, Sir, my Duty, my Conscience, my Religion forbid me.

*Blood.*

You ha'nt your Name for nothing. You are *Tom Fool*, indeed.---Your Religion forbids you?---What the Devil Religion are you of?---A Papist?---For I am sure, our Parsons don't forbid us getting to Bed to a pretty Girl, they do it themselves.

*Tom Fool.*

Pray, Sir, may I be so bold to ask your Opinion of Honour?---Don't take it ill, Sir---I only do it for Information Sake---Pray, Sir, in what does Honour consist?

*Blood.*

Why, in every Thing---But, pray, do you mean a Gentleman's Honour, or a Lady's?

*Tom Fool.*

I thought they had been the same, Sir.

*Blood.*

No, no, damned different; for now, in the first Place, a Man of Honour must never give up any Thing.---Now, as to a Lady, she, you know, may do as she pleases; and then a Man of Honour must be quite the Thing too.---Now the Lady's Honour is another Thing.

Thing.---Because, if supposing you was to be a Man of Honour, as well as me, why, then if I'm affronted, or supposing that any Lady should let a---In short, a Man of Honour is every Thing, and he who is not a Man of Honour, is nothing at all, and not worth keeping Company with.---So here's to you---

During this Argument, Mrs. *Flinnys* had been very attentive, as to the Manner, more than the Matter of it. *Tom Fool's* passive Deportment, his downcast Look, mild Tone of Voice, and calm Face, made her think he was not well.

But Squire *Blood's* Vociferation, clenching his Fist, hitting it against the Wainscot, and firmly stamping across the Room, gave an Alarm to her Sensibilities. The many Bumpers she had drank assisting her Ideas, she sighed, she wished, she longed; nay, she, resolved to have a *tete a tete* Conversation with the Squire; not that she intended to discard *Tom*; but, just as other Ladies have done before her, she fancied the Gentleman. — Therefore looking at her Watch, she desired Mr. *Fool* to have the Chaise greased, and begged he'd stand by, and see it done, and have the Horses put too. As soon as *Tom* left the Room, she turned to young *Blood*, smirking, and

and lisped out, I wonder how you could talk so wickedly to *Tom*, Sir, about getting to Bed to a Woman?—Dear Heart, you are enough to corrupt a Saint; indeed, I should be afraid to be trusted long alone with you.

*Blood*, to whom all Women were alike (as a Man in a Fever never tastes the Liquor he swallows) seized Mrs. *Flimms* by the Wrist, and gave her three or four Kisses out of Fun, which she took by way of Frolic.—But, sure, her unlucky Planet ruled that Day, for *Tom's* Return broke off all farther Parley.

Young *Fool* informed Mrs. *Flimms*, that *Ned*, the Whipper-in, was come from the Hall, for her to go Home immediately; and that the Ostler had already greased the Wheels, and the Horses were put to.

We must all learn to bear Misfortunes.—She replied, *Servants had better be Slaves; but, thank God, it would not be long so.* She charged *Tom* to set off with the Letter directly; then seated herself in the Chariot, and leaning out of the Window, told Squire *Blood*, if he had a Mind to hear how Things went at their House, there was Room by her; but he, like all other very impudent Fellows, who are always bashful out of Season,



Season, declined the Proffer ;---Thanked her, but said, he must wait for a Friend, made his Bow, and retreated into the Parlour. Mrs. *Flimms* nodded not in Return, but pulled up the Glafs, and sullenly threw herself back, bidding the Boy go on to the Hall, where we'll set her down, and just see her safe into the Cordial Closet, and there leave her, consoling herself with the never-failing Noftrum for all Disappointments.

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## C H A P. XVII.

**E**Xcuse me, Reader, if I don't particularise the Method in which young *Fool* travelled; for in Writing, as in Painting, some Things are to be left to the Connoisseur's Imagination. After a little Enquiry, our Hero arrived at the Gentleman's, to whom Mrs. *Flimms's* Brother was Butler.

Mr. *Ephraim Invoice* was born upon *Dowgate-hill*, *An. Dom.* 1698; his Father was a wealthy Corn-chandler; young *Ephraim* married against his Parents Consent, and had only a hundred Pounds left him at the old Man's Decease, which happened soon after.

With this Money, the fond Couple kept a Cyder-cellar; and Mrs. *Invoice* being a very fine Figure, had many Admirers. She, as well as her Husband, had disobliged her Relations by her hasty Wedding—But Love, to them, was before all the Riches in the World.—This they often declared.—However, Mr. *Invoice* had not been a Husband above a Year, before he began to reflect upon the Folly of Love and Honour; and finding there was nothing like turning the Penny, he determined, since his

his Wife had lost him one Fortune, she should get him another; she was now in her Bloom, and every Body praised her.

He soon made her sensible, how much it was for both their Interests, that she should give some of her Lovers Encouragement, and that it was proper to make Men pay for their Courtship; and that she would not be the worse, and as how their Betters did it.

The Duty of a Wife is to obey; Mrs. *Invoyce* became very dutiful; her Spouse increased in Wealth, he sat up a Tavern, caught her in Bed with a rich Jew, by Agreement; recovered swingeing Damages, left off the Vintner's Business, and turned Wine-merchant.

His Lady dying, he married the Widow *Eld*, from *Paul's Wharf*; she died of a Surfeit, in about a Month after Consummation, and left him all her Fortune, which was upwards of 20,000 *l*.

Madam *Lyme*, the *West Indian* Relict, he made his Addressees to. She was immensely rich; and consented to give him her Hand; but they had not been wed above two Years, before he was again left a disconsolate Widower; his Lady having been overturned in the Chariot, as she was going to *Billingsgate* to buy some Fish for an Entertainment they were

were to have the next Day. Her Enemies say, that she was somewhat intoxicated before she fell; but be that as it may be, she never spoke after they picked her up. But to do Mr. *Invoice* Justice, he caused her to lie in State, and buried her with all imaginable Splendor.

By Trade and Matrimony *Ephraim* had amassed a vast Sum of Money; he therefore resolved to retire from Business, and live genteel for the Remainder of his Life; and as he was now resolved not to marry for Money, but for Honour; he took to himself Lady *Title's* Daughter, a beautiful young Lady, with all the Accomplishments to render the married State happy. She was the most notable Creature existing, either at bidding in an Auction Room, or doing the Duties of her own Card Table; and then, such a Memory.—She had all *Hoyle* by Heart.—She was passionately fond of Music, and would not miss a Concert for the Universe; add to all this, she had travelled, and might justly be called an improved Lady. She soon brought Mr. *Invoice* into her Way of Thinking, and he entered into the very Spirit of Improvement.

When *Tom* arrived there, every Thing around seemed to be marked for im-

improving, or had been improved. Mr. *Invoyce*, to save Charges, had bought a Gentleman's House, which he new-fronted with a vast Heap of Stones piled upon one another, with several Air Holes at regular Distances; the Building indenting, and then bulging, as if the Plan of it had been sketched from the irriguous Windings of the Snake in *Orpheus*. To this was given the Name of *New Hall*; it was notched all along the Top by way of Battlements; then it was buttriced, and as properly turreted with several pyramidical and several cylindrical Ornaments; which made it a compleat Thing, and might be seen a great Way off.

Mr. *Runic* was the Architect.

Each End of this was bricked up to the Battlements, and that Brick-work was balustrated and pilastered, and *Venetian* windowed. Full South (or what was called the Garden Front) this elegant Structure shone to the Sun, all plaistered and painted, partly in the *Dutch*, and partly in the *Chinese* Manner; SAN CONTOUR did the Brush-work.

The Gardens, Canals, Grottos, Cataracts, Ha-has, Hermitages, Serpentine, Temples and Pagodas, were laid out

out by Mynheer *Zigg Zagg*, principal Designer, whom Sir *Tasty's* Father had formerly brought over from *Switzerland*. He was recommended by Lady *Grotto*, on the earnest Request of Lady *Title*, that Mr. *Invoyce* might have a right Notion of Things; and that the Gardens might be made Places fit for People of Fashion to put their Feet in.

But altho' Mr. *Invoyce's* Lady had an Esteem for Mr. *Zigg Zagg's* Taste and Genius, yet, as she had travelled herself, she insisted now and then upon having a Hint of her own executed; and just as *Tom Fool* came up to the Designer to salute him (for they were Acquaintance) the *Swiss* had received a puzzling Order from my Lady, for she would have twelve new *Chinese* Bridges gone about, from Designs that she had copied from Fan-mounts.

Mr. *Zigg Zagg* was at a Loss where to put them; he had already cut up a fine Piece of Meadow Ground, to make a crooked Trench, which they called a Serpentine River; but that Piece of Water was to have two Pagodas, a Mandarin Barge, and three floating Islands in it. He concluded to dig a Ditch for them, where the Wall-fruit grew; for it

was



was the Taste at present to have every Thing forced; therefore those Trees were useless; from the same Principle, the Brewery was turned into a Hot-bed for Pines; and the Cherry Orchard and Kitchen Garden into a Lake for a *Venetian Gondola*.

When *Tom Fool* came amongst all these Preparations, he could not make half of them out—But as he was a Fool, it's not to be wondered at. Yet I must speak so much in Favour of *Tom's* Understanding, that it would have puzzled a Man of Sense, if he had not a quite right Notion of Things, to tell what the People at this Place were doing.

Piled like Stacks of Billet-wood were Heaps of Tree Roots, grubbed up to make Hermitages. Near them were several Waggon Loads of *Chinese* Railings, and Palisadoes for Temples, Pigsties, Chicken-coops, Triumphal Arches and Dog-kennels; Gryphons, Unicorns, Mermaids, skaiting *Dutchmen*, dancing Sailors and piping Satyrs lay in Ranks, ready to be put up where they could find Room for them.

Mr. *Zigg Zagg* was shaking *Tom* by the Hand, when a Message came to him from my Lady; who was then with her Husband in a Dispute, which Mr. *Invoice*  
at

at last was forced to give up. The Case was this. When her Ladyship's Spouse, honest *Ephraim*, as he was called in the City, first got this House, he decorated with *Stucco*, and mock *India Paper*, the largest Room in it; and which had formerly been a Library-place; therefore he designed it for the same Use again, and had long ago sent Dimensions of the Shelves to his Bookseller in *London*, to furnish it accordingly; but when the Books arrived, and my Lady was called in to give her Opinion concerning the placing of the Volumes, she began to like the Room so well, now it was finished, that she told her Spouse, it would be stupid to employ so pretty a Room as that was now, to such an out-of-the-way Purpose, as to put Books in it.—Books!—I shall die, my Dear—Mr. *Invoice*, it's horridly provoking in you, to think of such a Thing; pray, let all this learned Lumber be put in the haunted Garret, the Book-cases you may make Cock-pens of; but, as to the Room, positively, I shall seize on that, to keep my Assemblies in; and accordingly ordered Mr. *Zigg Zagg* to attend her immediately, to help her to ornament it.

It was this Message made him leave Mr. *Fool* somewhat abruptly; and as Mr. *Zigg Zagg* knew the Butler was out, he desired *Tom* just to step across a Couple of Closets to the Sexton's House, and agree with him for five Cart Loads of Ivy, to fringe some Pieces of Walls; the Remains of three Farm Houses, that my Lady had pull'd down, to make a ruinous Prospect, and also begg'd Mr. *Fool* to look about for some broken Pieces of Tomb-stones, that were pretty much Moss-grown, because he wanted them to face a Piece of new Antiquity. *Tom* left the Letter of Mrs. *Flimms* with Mr. *Zigg Zagg*, and her Brother coming Home, before *Tom* returned, the Epistle was given to him, the Contents of which were as follows.

*Annudummini, April 12. 1758.*

*Dear Brother,*

**T**HE young Gentleman that brings you this, is one of the best-natur'd Creatures living in all the world in a Family; and is as honest as the Day, and the most soberest Lad withal.

Therefore I desire of all Love, and Kindness, if you can put him in a genteel Place in your Family, do; if you  
can't

can't, pray let him stay with you till you see me, I'll pay all Expences; and also I shall be with you in about three Weeks. This young Youth liv'd in our House for some Time, but he was too good for um, as well as some other Fokes arr: So our Miss *Fash* fel in love with him; Lord how likoris these fine Ladies arr. So because he wawn't as willing as she, she had him turned away at a minuts Warning. But pray don't take any Notice of this at your House, tho' it's as true as the Gospel, and you may say I said so. Which is all from your

*Loving Sister, tull Dith,*

SARAH FLIMMS.

Mrs. *Flimms* had a great Ascendency over her Brother; for he knew her to be very rich, and he was her nearest Relation. Her Wealth, which, for a Waiting-woman was very considerable, being upwards of two thousand Pounds; most of which she acquired by her incomparable Skill in Midwifery, at *Bath, Bristol, Scarborough, and Cheltenham*; where she had often practised with the utmost Success, and Secresy, not only in assisting married Ladies to provide their Husbands with lawful born Children,

dren, but also in aiding unmarried Ladies, and young Widows of Reputation, to be deliver'd of their Illegitimates; for two different Pieces of secret Service of that Sort, Lady *Grotto* retain'd her as her Woman, and Confidant.

The Letter had the wish'd for Effect; the Butler received *Tom*, when he came from the Sexton's, with the utmost Complaisance; and on his, and Mr. *Zigg Zagg's* Recommendation, *Tom* was immediately received into the Family; and all his Business was to wait upon her La'ship, Mr. *Invoice's* eldest Daughter,

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## C H A P. XVIII.

**T**OM Fool, by his Behaviour, soon became a great Favorite; but the first Evening, as he sat in the Butler's Room with the upper Servants, they entertained a most contemptible Opinion of his Taste, Education, and Understanding. For most of the Domestics, both Male and Female, belonging to Mr. *Invoyce*, had a Mind to sound the New-comer.

First, was Mr. *Brassy*, Mr. *Invoyce*'s Gentleman. 2dly, Mrs. *Preserve*, Lady *Tittle*'s Gentlewoman. 3dly, Mrs. *Syrup*, the Housekeeper, and her two Daughters, *Carolina* and *Edging*. They waited upon the two young Ladies; then there was Booty, the Groom, and Mrs. *Pringle* the Parson's Necessary-woman (a Visitant.) They had got the Coachman, the Huntsman, and two Footmen to invite the Butler to a Match of Shuffle-board at the Alehouse, that they might examine *Tom Fool* with more Freedom.

*Groom.*

Pray, young Man, what Sort of a Place did you make of your last?

*Tom.*

I never had any Faults found with me.

F 3

*Groom.*



*Groom.*

Ay, but I mean, what Vails had you? What did you get by the Gentlesfolks, that came on Visits to your House.

*Tom.*

I never took any Thing from them, my Master always paid me; besides, I had good Luck in the Matches I us'd to feed; so I got more Money than I could tell what to do with.

*Groom.*

Not tell what to do with Money? Where the Devil was you litter'd?

*Mrs. Preserve.*

Pray, James, dont be so vulgar; I suppose the young Man means, he cou'd not lay it out as he wou'd.

*Tom.*

I lay'd it out very badly, Madam, for I lent it, and lost my Friends by it.

*Brassy.*

Did ever any Body talk so foolishly? I lost a Friend, and the only Friend I ever had, by borrowing his Money; but as for lending—

*Carolina.*

Pray, young Man, had you much Company visited at your House?

*Tom.*

Yes, Ma'am, we had a great many Visitors.

*Carolina.*

And very good Company?

*Tom.*

*Tom.*

I can't say that, indeed Madam ; they used to be all very finely dressed, but they did not talk so well as I cou'd have wish-ed them. I used to desire my young Master to let me wait at Table, on Pur-pose that I might improve myself by what such fine Folks said.

*Brassy.*

What signifies what they said at Din-ner ; Did they pay well afterwards ?

*Tom.*

I don't know, indeed——I never took any of their Money ; I thought it made my Master look as if he kept a Cook's-shop.

*Edging.*

O surfeiting ! Such a Simile ! I shall faint ; pray, dear Sister, lend me your Salts ; Lord, I am immensely overcome ; pray, *Brassy*, don't ax him any more Questions.

*Brassy.*

Yes, but I will tho', this is high Fun. But, pray my Lad, after you used to wait at Table, Did you get out of the Way on Purpose, when the Gentry broke up ?

*Tom.*

No, I used to go about my own Bu-siness, or see if there was any thing I cou'd

lend any of the other Servants a Hand in ; in so large a House, as Sir *Tasty's*, a Man has no Occasion ever to be idle. One Evening, indeed, I saw all the Servants at Sir *Tasty's*, both in and out of Livery, waiting in the Hall, at the Bottom of the great Stairs, till the Visitors came down, and I cou'd not help telling them, they look'd for all the world like Alms-people, that stand at the Church-doors in two Rows, after Sermon-time.

The Entrance of the Butler put an End to all farther Enquiries at present ; and he told them, with a very ill-temper'd Look, he had some bad News to acquaint them with ; for the young Painter, that the club formerly sent into *Italy* ; and the Man that lay here last Week, in the rusty blue-grey Cloaths, and the silent Man, who understands Figures so well, they are all to dine here To-morrow. Master has invited them all.

*Brassy.*

Has he so ? Why then he may wait on them all if he will ; if I wait upon such low list Fellows, as *English* Painters, Authors, and Mathematicians. I hope I'm a better Man than such Scrubbs is too. I'll bet 50 Pounds I can keep better

ter Company, than the best of them, and am shown a better Room at *Tomkins*.

*Groom.*

I wonder what makes our Master, or her Honour his Lady, let such Folks come to their Table for.

*Preserve.*

Nay, *James* don't blame my Lady, for she hates all such Poverty-struck Animals, as much as any of us can do.

*Butler.*

I serve them the best, for they are most of them so modest, they can't call loud for any Thing, like other people; it shows they have no Money to pay for nothing; so they only make Signs; so I always bring the wrong Things, or else never take any Notice of them.

*Groom.*

Before I came to live here, I served a young Gentleman, who was as clever a Bit of Man's Flesh, as ever threw Thigh over Saddle; and minded his Money at first no more, nor I do an old Horse-shoe. But it is the Fortune of many a young Gentleman in *London*, to be spoil'd by keeping low-lift Company, So he was, for he got among a Parcel of your queer ones, and they made him read, outlandish Books, till he studied so much, that they crack'd his Brains, so he gave

away his Hounds, sold off his Town-house, turn'd away a fine Girl he kept, as honest a Wench she was as ever Man went to bed to ; and he grew quite stupid, liv'd entirely in the Country, and never went a sporting, but his House was crowded with this Mr. *Threadbare*, and that Mr. *Ragged*, and this was a Genos, and that was a one thing, and t'other another, all as poor as Dog-horses—the Devil a clever Fellow was there among them all, but a one-ey'd Captain, and he, and our Parson, used to play at Back-Gammon together ; so when the old Soldier won, he used to tip me a Twelver ; but I got not a Grigg from the rest ; and these Fellows I was to saddle my Master's Horses for,—no,—but I wou'd 'nt tho'.

Just then a Message came to Mrs. *Preserve*, from the Vicar, Mrs. *Pringle's* Master, who staid for the Ladies in the Steward's Parlour, to have one Rubber at Whist with them : Away skuttled the Females. *Tom* went with the Butler into Mr. *Flinn's* Apartment, and the rest of the Men separated to practise their different Avocations, Drinking, or Gaming, or Intrigue.

## C H A P. XIX.

**T**OM Fool, by his Affiduity, his Generosity, his Readiness to do every Servant a good Turn, and excuse any Mistake they might have committed; the Mildness of his Deportment, his Quickness of Apprehension, Alertness, and Obedience, gain'd him a general Esteem throughout the Family. Mr. *Invoyce's* eldest Daughter, declared him to be the genteelest, handiest, neatest, Creature, she ever knew.

Mr. *Invoyce's* Lady protested she thought him too good for a Livery. His second Daughter, who, never before *Tom's* coming into the Family, cou'd bear to take any thing out of a Man's Hand, vowed he was a charming Animal; and this was a great Thing for her to say, whose whole Life was spent among shock Dogs, Squirrels, Monkeys, Parrots, Tabby Cats, and Guinea Pigs. The youngest Sister also, who, before he came, used to ride straddling upon bare-back'd Horses, splash about in the Boats, and had a fine Foot for Hopscotch, now began to bear a Cap on, left off Hollowing, and made a Curtsy when she came into the Dining-Room. And one Day



she ask'd her Papa, *how Tom Fool (so good a Servant as he was) came to leave his last Place.*

Mr. *Invoyce* observed, that was true, he never heard how it came about; but order'd the Butler to meet him immediately in the Lapland Summer-house; and there he enquired, how *Tom* came to leave Sir *Tasty's*.

The Butler, in the Warmth of his Heart, and as he thought to recommend *Tom*, gave his Master the Letter his Sister had wrote to him. This Letter Mr. *Invoyce* read at Dinner, highly praising *Tom's* Modesty; but in that he was not seconded. The Ladies all took against him, they wou'd not believe it, they said; as to Miss *Fash's* liking *Tom*, her Ladyship observ'd it was not unlikely; but as to his refusing her, Oh, my God! I must insist on that to be false: *And so say I, Papa*, and so said all. Just then a visiting Lady arriv'd; who was no sooner seated, than she confirm'd the Contents of the Letter. Observing, at the same Time, she was vastly surprized, they had not heard of it before. But my Lady made Answer, they were so taken up with Improvements, that they had not Time to enquire after News.— But as to *Tom Fool's* Affair, it was something

thing so out of the way,——pon onner, I shall never think so well of the Fellow as I have done.—*Think, Mama, I can't bear the Sight of him,* (reply'd his young Lady) the Prude wonder'd what Men were made of. And Miss *Hopscotch* threatened to tear his Eyes out.—The Visitant declared he was but a Fool.—That they granted; but yet they observed, he ought to have kept the Thing secret.—Secret he should have kept it.—Clamour began to raise her Voice; and for all that Mr. *Invoyce* cou'd alledge in his Behalf, the Ladies insisted on *Tom Fool's* being discharged that Evening.

As soon as this Resolution was told him, he left the Hall with Indignation; and set forward for *London* immediately, without informing any Person of the Rout he intended to take. It was by this Hurry, that the visiting Lady lost him, whose sole Errand indeed was upon his Account.—For Miss *Fash*.—But let me not anticipate the Reader's Curiosity; it's time enough to speak about that young Lady;—Let us now consider why Mrs. *Flimms* had neither sent to Mr. *Invoyce's*, nor came herself, according to her Promise. The Reason why she did not, (since *Tom Fool* is now travelling onwards to *London*, and nothing material happen-

ing

ing to him, at present) we shall, O! patient Reader, entertain you with.

Mr. *Murphy Magragh*, from the Queen's County, six Feet and one Inch high, of thirty-four Years of Age, hearing of the great Fortune Miss *Fash* wou'd be, came Post down, a few Days after *Tom's* Banishment, to offer her his Hand, as a Gentleman ought, in lawful Wedlock.

But determined, first to make himself acquainted with the upper Servants; by which Means, as he very wisely judged, he shou'd soon know as much about the young Lady, as the best of them.

By the Assistance of the Landlady at the *George*, he din'd in a Day, or two, with Mrs. *Flimms*; and as he was a Man, who, in open Day-light cou'd see as far as another, he soon perceiv'd she lov'd to take a drink; the whole Afternoon he dedicated his Attendance upon her. At last a lucky Thought came into his Head, which was, that if he cou'd make her sensible, what sort of a Man himself was, she might tell it her Mistress; and then—O let him alone for Scheming—He redoubled his Attacks, sung her several Songs, gave her several Kisses; and before the Fays, and Fairies, left their Grass-green Circle, she yeild-  
ed

ed—unable to bear the Weight of two such potent Oppositions—Desire, and Drink.—She yeilded—All that Husbands hold dear, all that the mighty make a Bustle about,—the Boast of the Proud ; —the poor man's precious Property.

*Some Men have such a way with them—*Mr. *Macgragh* was one of those Sort of Men, as Mrs. *Flimms* confessed, after every Thing was over.—As he was certain he had fix'd her his Friend ;—Politician like, he opened his whole Design to her ; told her, he came down just to make a Match on't, betwixt himself and the young Lady, or the old Lady ; for he wou'd 'nt stand upon Trifles about that at all, at all.

But Mrs. *Flimms*, something more sly, than her Paramour (like a cunning Lawyer, not being willing to lose a good Client) told him, that Lady *Grotto* lost her Jointure the Day of her second Marriage. *I'm off then*, reply'd Mr. *Macgragh*.—And as to Miss—Mrs. *Flimms* declared, upon her Honour, she was uncommattable ; for my dear Mr. *Macgraw*, all her Dependance is upon her Brother Sir *Tasty's* Good-will.

Mrs. *Flimms*, after this Information, gave him some Hints of her own Consequence, in respect to Wealth ; and this  
was

was corroborated, both by the Landlord, and Landlady——*why I don't think I can do better*, observed Mr. *Magrath*; so he gave Lady *Grotto's* Woman his Hand, and his Honour, to marry her To-morrow Morning. Upon which, to show how much she confided in his Sincerity, in his Love, and in his Honour, she staid with him that Night.

We don't pretend to write a History of Heroes, or Heroines, whose celebrated Refusals, and long Endurance, have filled so many Folios; we only relate the Actions of meer Man, and woman; liable to Mistakes, and compounded of Frailties—who had Desires, and wanted those Desires to be satisfied. The Delicacy of having only one, they were averse to—any one, so it was one, they'd accept of; and not like fullen Children, fast, sooner than fill their Bellies, if they had not their own Plates to eat upon.

As Mr. *Macgragh* had given his Honour he wou'd be married next Day; and as he was fully convinced, she was a Woman of Wealth——he scorned to be worse than his Word; so that, before the next Day's Sun had sunk low enough, to lengthen the Shepherd's Shadows, Mrs. *Flimms* was meliorated into Madam *Macgragh*; and Mr. *Murphy* bore, wore,

wore, and assum'd to himself, the Title of Squire. A Title, that, in former Times, was only bestowed on the faithful Valet of some Fame-atchieving Knight; but now used by—but hold—we shall not be abusive—we are Historians, not Satyrists.—Let us therefore look out for our principle Adventurer, *Tom Fool*.—Yonder he is, about 50 Miles off, we'll overtake him in an Instant. *Apollo's* post Chariot is at the Door; put *Pegasus*, and *Pacolett's* Horse into the Harness; get a Will-o'the-Wisp for a Moon Lanthorn, and we're up with him, as soon as a Man may forswear himself.—



## C H A P. XX.

A URORA's Day Curtains, the Golden fringed Clouds, were undrawn ; refulgent to the View, up beamed the Sun, topping the misty Hills.—The, —The,—but we shall not embellish any farther ; let the Reader imagine, whatever Description he pleases, in plain *English* we let him know, *Tom* had a fine Morning to travel in.

Just at sun-rising, he enter'd upon *Hounslow-beath* ; where, but the Evening before, a Highwayman had robb'd a Collector of the Excise ; but the Thief being closely pursu'd, (at the Close of the Day) dropp'd a 100 Pound Bag, and made his Escape. This lay there unperceived ; and as *Tom* was travelling, being the earliest Passenger, he set his Foot upon it.

After he had opened it, he was undetermined what to do with it. He sigh'd, reflecting, that the Loss of it might be the Ruin of a Family ; he wish'd the right Owner had it—yet he thought it wrong to leave it behind him. (Poor Fool) after many Surmises, he determined to keep it, till he heard of a right Owner.

But

But prudent as his Resolution was, he failed in it. Goading Necessity arrested him; fasting, walking, and very faint, he took a single Guinea out of the Bag, to get himself some Refreshment; but resolv'd to restore it, as soon as ever he found his Relations.

Opulent Readers, think him not a Villain; he was none.—Consider Necessity—we are all of us, at some Time, (for one Thing or another,) in Necessity.

Necessity, like the Moon, has an Impulse over the whole World. It is like a Loadstone, full of occult Qualities, like a hot Summer, it occasions Corruption; 'tis like a new Shoe, it pinches secretly. Like the Pope's Bull, it absolves Sins. And like any other Bull, it winks when it does Mischief.

Does it not draw out Virtue's Tooth, with a Touch? Does it not—forgive the Transcriber, gentle Reader; he was obliged here to speak in Praise of Necessity; he cou'd not help thus paying his Compliments to that Being, to whom, not only himself, but all other modern Authors——Writers, he means, are indebted for their Learning, Inclination, Capacity, and Genius.

When *Tom Fool* arrived in *London*, as he was not in a proper Dress to enquire  
after

after his Relations, he borrowed a little more Money out of his Bag, and then a little more.—At last, he fixed a Resolution, to make use (but sparingly) of as much Money out of it, as he immediately wanted; resolving, at the same time, to return it again, as soon as he cou'd afford it.

Be not now impatient, Sir, or Madam, that we don't go back to Miss *Fash*: Do not turn to the End of the Book yet.---- you may be certain, as *Tom* is in *London*, she won't be long after him; and as to their meeting together, there's the Court or the Masquerade, or the Opera-house, or *Bedlam*, or at Church, or at the *Old Bailey*, or *Ranelagh*, or a rowing Match.—But all in good Time; let us follow *Tom Fool* fairly, you see he is very well dressed, looks very well, and is just setting down to Dinner, at his Inn; Will you, good Reader, please to pick a Bit with him; you are very welcome; say Grace, and spare not.

Young *Fool*, by his Look, is impatient, till the Cloath is removed; to question his Landlord, about the Business he came to *London* upon---all is clear'd-----Fingers dipp'd, Mouth wiped, Bows made, and Cork drawn. Let us now hear, how *Tom* opens the Conversation.

Pray

Pray, Landlord, do you know any such Family as the *Fools*?

*Fools*, an please your Honour? Yes, yes, we have Fools enough all over the Parish. There's my next Door Neighbour, the Linnen Draper, he's a Fool.--- It was but last *Saturday*, he put a Rascal to Jail, that had run in his Debt; and on *Sunday*, here came the Fellow's Madam, or Wife, as she call'd herself;---- they married for Love truly; and she had two Twins with her, dressed both in white Frocks, as neat as my Children are; and I pay every Body twenty Shillings in the Pound. So she sends for my Fool of a Neighbour, and makes a whimpering Story to um. And so next Day, he let her Husband out, and upon his own Bond.---I wish he may lose every Penny of the Money. *Tom Fool*, without making any Answer, went to the next Door immediately.

The Linnen Draper not being at Home; *Tom* ask'd his Shopman, if there was not one of the Fool's liv'd there. Mr. *Spruce* reply'd, not that he knew of---his Master indeed let his first Floor to a Gentleman; but whether the Gentleman was a Fool, or not, he cou'd not tell; there were so many Clubs, of Bucks, and  
choice

choice Spirits, and Fools, now-a-days, he cou'd not tell which was which.

But pray, Sir (interrupted *Tom*) of what Family is your Master? What Family did you come from?

*Spruce.*

He served his Time in *Threadneedle-street*, Sir.

*Fool.*

Did you never hear him speak of Sir *Philpot Fool*?

*Spruce.*

No, Sir. we never had such a Name in our Books, as I can remember.

*Fool*

So you know not any Thing of your Master's Family?

*Spruce.*

Sir, my Mistress never had any Children; to be sure we serve a great many good Families; if you please to call by and by, about seven o'Clock, Sir, my Master may inform you better.—*Tom Fool* promised he wou'd, thanked Mr. *Spruce* for his Civility; and, being pretty near the *Park*, he turned into it, for a Walk to amuse himself.

## C H A P. XXI.

WHEN these Memoirs were first read to the Club at the *Bedford*, the Audience observed, that the Author had not given *Tom Fool* Scope enough for Enquiries;---he shou'd have made him search after his Friends, and Relations, and Name-fakes, all over the Town.

*Jack Nankeen* said, he ought to have brought him into the City.---*Bob Longstick* swore, he shou'd have carried him into *Westminster Hall*.---Or Suppose, says *Tom Tassell*, the Author had sent him to College.---Thus did the Gentlemen animadvert upon the Manuscript.---After they had all given their Opinions, the Person who had been reading, with a very distinct Pronunciation, went on with the History as follows.

Young *Fool* happened in the *Mall* to be behind two Men, who were very earnest in their Talk, and he cou'd not help hearing one say to the other.--- *I am a Fool, I own it ; yes, yes, I do belong to that Family. I am turn'd away without a Character too ; now if I had but been wise enough to have held my Tongue, I might have got good Husb-money ; and, may be, come in for a Taste of my Lady myself.*  
They



They were come to the End of the *Mall*; and, after making an Apology for his Abruptness, *Tom* begg'd to speak a Word with the Gentleman in the Brass-button'd Coat. Young *Fool* told him, that by his Discourse, he over-heard, he was in Distress. I beg therefore (thus *Tom* went on) that you'll give me Leave to offer you my Assistance. I fancy we are related together; I shou'd be glad to be certain. The discarded Valet cou'd not tell what to make of *Tom* at first,---but his Friend answered for him.

*That they did not usually drink with Strangers; but that he seem'd so much of a Gentleman, they wou'd wait upon him at that House there out of the Gate.* *Tom* bowed, and went forwards; and the two Friends, immediately began to Scheme what they cou'd make of this Pigeon; for be it known to you, Reader, tho' sorry I am to bring you into such Company; but the Livery-man's Friend was a professed Gambler..

What Name he had given him by his Godfather's; or, whether he had any Godfathers, remains a Doubt to this Day. His Mother was deliver'd of him in *Bridewell*, and from thence he was properly brought up as a Link-boy, by the name of *Young Glimm*. This he afterwards  
dressed

dressed up as Captain *Glimm*, Squire *Glimm*, or Gentleman *Glimm*, from carrying a Link; or, indeed, while he did carry a Link, he was very well practised in the Dexterity of Pocket-picking; then he was a Bye-battle Boy; then a Bailey's Follower; from thence Waiter at a Bawdy-house; from thence he went into the Country, for some Years, carrying on the various Trades, of drawing sham Notes, pricking at the Belt, and Partner at an E O Table. Then all at once he sunk into Obscurity: Nor is he mentioned for some Time afterwards in the scandalous Chronicle (from whence this Abstract was taken) till the *Haymarket Assemblies*; where, in an unfitting Suit of hired Embroidery, he is palming, undetected.

They soon came to *Tom Fool*; and after a Glass had gone round, Sir *Philpot's* Son very ingenuously told them the Reason he asked the Gentleman to drink with him. *That he was come up to London on Purpose to find his Relations; and I heard, Sir* (addressing himself to the Footman) *you call yourself a Fool.*

I must beg your Pardon there, Sir (answered the Valet) I a'ant quite a Fool neither; tho' I have done something that I deserve to be call'd so for.

*Glimm* observed, it was better to drink about, to their better Acquaintance, than repeat Grievances. *Come Sir,* (to Tom) *you seem to be a mighty good-natur'd sort of a Gentleman; and so, Sir, just for passing away Time, suppose we have a Game at Cards.*

*Tom.*

Sir, I never play'd a Game of Cards in all my Life.

*Glimm.*

Not play at Cards, Sir, you'll excuse me there, Sir, you must know better than that, Sir; Why, Sir, how is it possible, a Man can be a Gentleman? Or keep Gentlemen Company, without it. I'll hold ten Pound to a Crown, and I say done first; that a Man will cut a worser Figure, in all Places of high Life, if he can't play at Cards, than if he can't write, and read.

*Tom.*

Gentlemen, I am thinking how I shall find out my Relations, People tell me, there are enow of the Fools in *London*; and yet I cannot, upon Enquiry, find any.

*Valet.*

That's because you have not got the right Way to enquire for them. Only ask for an honest Man, that's all; and  
take

take my Word for't, there you'll find one of your Relations; only ask for an honest Man.—The Landlord just then entering, *Tom* immediately made an Enquiry of him. Mr. *Vintner* reply'd, *Why, really Sir, begging Pardon of the Company present, I have one of the honestest Fellows now in my House:* With Eagerness *Tom* ask'd to see him; *I'll introduce you to him, Sir,* reply'd his Host. Upon which, asking his new Companions Pardon for one Quarter of an Hour, he left the Room; they were a little chagreen'd at his going away: However, they comforted themselves he might drink a little, where he was going, that wou'd make him mayhap more open; therefore they began to contrive something against his Return, that they might touch him upon.

## C H A P. XXII.

**M**R. *Toast* received *Tom* with a hearty Shake of the Hand; the Landlord introducing young *Fool* with, Sir, here's a Gentleman, that was enquiring for an honest Man. I told him, you was one of the honestest Fellows that ever tasted a Bumper; nay, I believe, by the Gentleman's Looks, he won't be a bad one himself.

*Toast.*

Sir, if you have a Mind to be an honest Fellow, I'll show you the way at once.—Here, Sir, drink this Bumper; and if it don't make you an honest Fellow, I'll be.—Won't it Landlord?

*Landlord.*

Ay, Sir, it will; there's neither Courage nor Christianity without it.

After *Tom* had recover'd himself from the Surprise, which this Behaviour had thrown him into,—he reply'd,—Sir, you must excuse me, that Glass I am sure holds half a Pint, and I never drank a quarter so much as that, at one Draught, of Wine, in all my Life.—If I was to swallow that, 'twou'd take away my Senses.

*Toast.*

*Toast.*

Pray, Sir, will you be pleas'd to tell me your Name.

*Tom.*

My Name is *Tom Fool*, Sir.

*Toast.*

I thought so ; for I never heard a more foolish Speech in my life.—Take away your Senses !—What signifies a Man's Senses, if he can't enjoy them ? You are a Countryman, I suppose ?

*Tom.*

Yes, Sir, I am just come to Town to see after my Relations ; I can't find them ; and the Reason of my intruding upon you is, two Persons, I was in Company with just now, told me, how I might find out who was related to me ; and pursuant to their Advice, I came to you, Sir.

*Toast.*

And are the two Persons that sent you to me, in the House now, Mr. *Fool* ?

*Tom.*

Yes, Sir, in the opposite Room.

*Toast.*

Who are they, Landlord ?

*Landlord.*

Why, Sir, one is a Gentleman's Servant, the other is *Glimm* the Sporting-man ; they are in the *Rose*,—Away went Mr. *Toast* ; and, without any Ceremony,



fell on them with his Stick, for daring to send any Man to him, to call him Fool. The Battle began to be warm, which brought the Landlord and *Tom* into the Room. *Glimm* just then made a blow at the honest Fellow's Head ; but he ducking, avoided his Fist, which fell heavily on the Innkeeper's right Cheek ; the Force turn'd him half round ; he ran down Stairs, crying out Murder, Murder, for a Constable ; luckily there was one in the House ; who, after being assur'd by every Body, there was no Fire-arms above, charged all the People in the House to his Assistance, Women, as well as Men, and then up Stairs he went, in the King's Name.

But there was no Occasion for a Staff Officer, all was quiet ; Mr. *Toast* was seated in an Arm Chair, quite out of Breath ; and in the opposite Corner stood *Tom Fool*, Centry over the two fallen Friends ; and on his Shoulder, Musquet like, he rested a Poker, which he had twisted out of the Gamblers Hands.

It's odd how Things come to pass : A Gentleman, whom Curiosity had handed up Stairs, no sooner fixed his Eyes upon *Glimm*, but he charged the Constable with him, for robbing him of  
his

his Watch and Money about five Days before, in *Richmond Park*.

Immediately every one in the Room, except the Valet, and *Tom Fool*, seiz'd upon the Gambler; Landlord, Constable, Drawer, Boot-ketcher, Ostler, and Travellers, as Bigots croud round a holy Man, eager to touch his Garment, the poor Culprit, surrounded like a sullen Ox in *Smithfield*, was lugg'd, pushed, pull'd, dragg'd, to Justice; the out of Place Footman sneak'd away, leaving (according to all the self Laws in being) his Friend in Distress, lest he should be ask'd to do something for him.

When *Tom* come down to pay his Reckoning, the Landlady had got some of her Bedmakers about her, computing what Share her Husband wou'd have of the Reward, for taking this Highwayman; because she was sure, she said, it was the same Man as robb'd the Mail about ten Days ago.

Indeed I believe it is, Madam, reply'd *Nell*; and I'll go and see for the Paper.

Thus went on the Mistress of the Inn, Sure my Husband will have most of the Reward, because the Boot-catcher said as how, my Husband seiz'd him second; and there is not only the two hundred Pounds, that is always wrote in great

Letters, but other Rewards over and above, as the Papers says.

Here's the Paper, Madam, (*Nell* bawl'd out) and it says in the Paper, that the Mail was robb'd by a very short Man.

Well, this is not a very tall Man, answered her Mistress.---In his own brown Hair (*Nell* read on) why this Man has a brown Wig on you see, and he might have cut his Hair off, and so have it made into that Wig, on Purpose to disguise himself.

*Nell.*

The Post Boy says, he had but one Eye.

*Mistress.*

He might shut to'ther on Purpose, that the Boy shou'dn't know him.

*Nell.*

He stutter'd very much.

*Mistress.*

Ay, so did this; you see he cou'd hardly bring out a plain Word, at last.

*Nell.*

He had a Companion, that stood a little Way off, in a Surtout Coat.

*Mistress.*

Well, and this Man's Companion had a Surtout Coat on.

*Tom*, quite out of Patience, paid his Money, and immediately took to the *Park* again.

C H A P.

## C H A P. XXIII.

**H**E threw himself down on the first Bench he came to, tir'd, disappointed, and chagrin'd. He was so much in Disorder, that he did not observe a very agreeable young Lady, who had plac'd herself at the other End of the Seat. But *Tom Fool* did not escape her Eyes; his Figure, and his Dress together, rais'd Emotions in her all-desiring Mind, which is much better to suppose than describe.

That Afternoon, in a lucky Hour, did she issue forth from her first Floor, in *Spring-Gardens*,—Eager like *Quixote*, anxious to meet with an Engagement, she had just sat down, as the Garden-spider, in various Colours shining, watchful rests.—But forgive me, Reader, we'll descend into plain Prose again.

*Tom Fool's* Appearance seem'd to indicate that he was rich; his Face told he was good-natur'd, and his florid Complexion made her fancy he was amorous; but on the other hand, she had too much Experience to be caught by Appearance only.—Hackneyed in the Ways of Men, she experimentally had often prov'd, every lac'd Coat Wearer was not

a Person of Worth; and that there is no Dependance upon Honour.—She was irresolute awhile:—But recollecting her Week was up at her Lodgings; that she had dined upon Tea and Bread and Butter only; and that her double Ruffles were stopp'd at the Clearstarchers; she took Heart, hoping she should find him a good Man, (*as Shylock says*) and thus address'd him in a pretty lisping, sorrowful Tone.—*I am very sorry, Sir, to see so vastly pretty a Gentleman, as you are, melancholy.*

Flattery, even to the most Foolish, is pleasing: *Tom* was caught;—he thanked her, and then unask'd, related his last Adventure.—She found, by what he said, that he had Money: Chymist like, in silent Rapture, she enjoyed the golden Discovery.----She invited him Home, hinting to him, that she knew some of his Family.

Young Fool, overjoy'd at the Honour done him, by so fine a dress'd Lady, immediately arose, and Hand in Hand they went.---Thus---but 'tis no Matter for Comparisons; we might liken a Woman of the Town to an Earthquake; to white Powder; to St. *Anthony's* Fire; to the Itch; or the Plague, or a Pyrate Ship, or a Pantomine.---But the Transcriber thinks,

thinks, those misnam'd Women of Pleasure more to be pitied than blamed. Unhappy Women are ruined by Mankind; they have therefore a Right to ruin Mankind in return: And this Account, courant, is so well carried on by both Sexes, from the *Shakespear's* Head, to the Hovel by the Highway Side; that, upon the nicest Calculation, the Ruiners and the Ruined, make one Eighth of the whole People of *England*.

It is impossible to account for every Operation of Female Minds; therefore I shall not take upon me to assign any Reason for this young Lady's immoderate Fondness for *Tom Fool*; but she insisted he should not leave her that Night. Poor Fellow, he was quite off his Guard; he had been tipling before, and she had fastened three or four half Glasses upon him.

Sorry I am to relate what follows. I hope my delicate Readers will excuse the Grossness of the Idea: but the Maid took her Oath on it, that she put Mr. *Fool* and her Mistress into one Bed together.

For a whole Week, she was the fondest Creature that cou'd be imagined. She wou'd not trust *Tom* out of her Sight,--- she was so tender of him, and so loving.



---Poor Fool, who was Gratitude itself, cou'd not tell how to return all this Kindness, but by making her his Cash-keeper ; telling her how he came by the Money, and begg'd her to take what she wou'd of it, when she had Occasion.

That Night, they supp'd at one of the *French* Wine-houses ; and there an unhappy Girl was arrested for seven Pounds. *Tom* was perswaded to give his Note for the Payment of Debt and Costs ; and the next Day he was arrested for it ; and much to his Surprise, the young Lady, his Friend and Treasurer, was not to be found.

As soon as she heard of her Friend's Distress ; the Tenderness of her Disposition not allowing her to see any one in Affliction, she had been so fond of, she took Post-chaise and hurried to *Bath* ; in hopes (by drinking all Sorts of Waters there) to relieve herself from the Grief young *Fool's* Misfortunes had thrown her into.

In her Confusion, she pack'd up *Tom's* Effects with her own. Therefore, without a single Shilling, or a second Necessary, he was carried to the *Marshelsea*. — While he was there, as *Milton* says on another occasion,

“ He

“ He liv’d a Blank,  
 “ And from the chearful Ways of  
 Men cut off.

I beg Pardon for this Quotation; I am as great an Enemy to Pedantry as any of my Readers: But I thought those two Lines so apt; and then the Author of them is so unknown, except for a few Songs of his, that Mr. *Handal* set; altho’ he wrote a Poem, call’d *Paradise Lost*; and those People who have read it, and those People who have not, all say it’s a very fine Thing.

*Milton*, in this Point, resembling several fine Women of Quality. The whole Town mention their Names with great Familiarity; but few, very few, are happy enough to taste their Beauties.

## C H A P. XXIV.

**T**OM FOOL's Behaviour excited every Debtor's Curiosity.—*Such a handsome, well-dress'd Figure, and to have neither Woman nor Lawyer come after him!---Besides---he has not drank one Dram since he came among us.---He must be some very extraordinary Person;--but who?* They begg'd Jack Junior, who was the Gentleman of the Goal, to invite him to Supper, just to pump him a little.

*Tom* came, and a Proposal was made, that each Person present, should relate the material Occurrences [of his Life; and by what Accident, Misfortune, or Villainy, he was dragg'd to, and detain'd in that melancholy Receptacle.

*Junior* approv'd the Motion, but begg'd to be excus'd from repeating his own Life, because Mr. *Mackendrock* had methodised it for the Press, but he wou'd lend it that young Gentleman in the Morning, addressing himself to *Tom Fool*; for (continued he) I find, by his Conversation, he's a Scholar, and he'll give me his Opinion of it.—*Tom* blush'd and bow'd.

But that has no Occasion to stop us, a young Fellow observed, who sat next to

*Tom*

*Tom Fool.* I believe my Life, if it was long enough, is as well worth Printing, as e're a *Pamela* of 'em all.—You shall be Judges, Gentlemen, whether I have not more Reason to complain of ill Fortune than any one Man under the Copes of Heaven.

Altho' the Person, who went for my Father, was but a Button-mould-maker; (*Thus began* Phill Poplin) I might be a greater Man's Son; for all the World knows he sued a Gentleman for Criminality of Conversation, and recover'd large Damages, just as my Mother was brought to bed of me.

Some Folks wou'd have had him got a Divorce; but he told them, that tho' it was a sure Thing, that my Mama had wrong'd his Bed at first; but as the Law had given him proper Satisfaction, he did not think that he was wrong'd at all.

Yet he had as nice Notions as any body else; but he said, Honour was only fit for Gentlemen; and, for his Part, as he was a Tradesman, he must have something more substantial to go to Market with.

My Mother and he were very happy afterwards; and I don't believe, except

to pay off a Play Debt or so, she was ever guilty again.

She play'd very deep indeed, so was forc'd to admit, now and then, of an Intrigue, to make both Ends meet in House-keeping: But then she went twice a Day to the Tabernacle in *Moorfields*, and put her Behaviour, as a Case of Conscience, to one of the Teachers there.

After having thoroughly convinced him, that she only suffered Embraces merely to preserve the Peace of her Husband's Mind, and not for the Sake of satisfying any corrupt Passion.—Thus he comforted her: For as I went with her, and she made me take it all down in short Hand, I can repeat it *Verbatim*.

“ *Child,*

“ The Body is no more than a Bot-  
 “ tle, that contains the Liquor of Life,  
 “ and the Soul is the Spirit: And as we  
 “ are divided into the Elect, and the  
 “ Select; so are we subdivided by Faith  
 “ and Grace.

“ Now Faith is even as a fine Pickle,  
 “ it prevents the Mind from being cor-  
 “ rupted; and Grace is also as a fine Pre-  
 “ serve, candied by the Sweetmeats of  
 “ the Enlightened. Therefore, when  
 we

“ we have drawn off the Mind from the  
 “ impure Dregs of corporeal Confan-  
 “ guinities, heed not what happeneth  
 “ to your outward Form ;—For your  
 “ Soul is sheath’d from the Worm of  
 “ Sin, by the new Birth. So whatever  
 “ you suffer in Matter, you are unde-  
 “ filed in Spirit.”——(So indeed I be-  
 lieve she was) and she received Rege-  
 neration accordingly.

My Mama took care of my Edu-  
 cation herself ; and I will venture to say,  
 that when I was but fourteen Years of  
 Age, I was the best Scholar in the City,  
 and was qualified to converse with the  
 best Company in *England* ; for I could  
 sing three *French* Songs, had all *Alex-  
 ander* the Great, and *Dryden’s* Ovid’s  
 Epistles by Heart : And there was ne’er  
 a Duke or Lord that had married for  
 ten Years last past, but I knew into what  
 Family, and cou’d repeat their Relations  
 Names, as well as if I had been bred  
 and born in the University.

Then I went into *Cornwall* to be a La-  
 dy’s Page : Her Husband’s Brother had  
 been Lord Mayor of the City of *London*,  
 so she took State upon her.

Mine was a pure easy Place, I only  
 held up her Gown Tail, when she went  
 to Church ; always call’d her my Lady,  
 read



read the New's-papers to her, and fed the Cats.

She died in four Years afterwards, and left me 200*l*. I brought it up to *London*, and gave it my Mother. She was become a Widow, and liv'd very genteely upon telling Fortunes in Coffee-cups. You'd be amazed to see the fine Folks we had come to our House, in Chairs, Chariots, and Hackney Coaches.

To finish my Education, I went into *Hart-Street*, where they teach grown Gentlemen to dance; and did a Minuet and Lovre very well in a Week's Time, as my Master told me. Then my Mother bought me several Coats and Waistcoats, all laced, as good as new; and told me, if I minded my Hits, I might carry off a Lady of Fortune.

I made my Appearance at Noon in the *Park*, and at Night in one of the Boxes in *Covent-Garden* Play-house. I wou'd have gone to *Drury-Lane* indeed, but they were full. All the People in the Pit stared at me; and if there had been any Ladies in the Boxes, I should have been as much look'd at by them: But I don't know how it is, People of Fashion won't go to the new House, they have got such an odd Notion, that there is  
not

not a Set of as good Actors at one House, as at t'other.—It's a very unfair Way of judging I am sure; for Mr. *Rich* gives his People as much Salary, and as many good Parts, as they do theirs at the other House: But as I have heard several of the *Covent-Garden* Actors say.—*It's all a Party Affair.*

For a whole Week after I had appear'd in Public, we took in the News Papers, to see if no Lady had put in an Advertisement, about a young Gentleman in White and Blue, and Silver:—But my Time was not come, every Dog has his Day you know.

In the Club I used at the Gentleman and Porter, we toasted all the fine Ladies of Quality: For the Set of Bucks there had been great with most of them.

Those great Ladies are easily comatable; it's only walking in the *Park* till they fix their Eyes upon you, and they'll send their Footman to dog you Home; or else sitting down by them at the Masquerade, and chattering a-bit, and they'll take you to the Hummums, and in the Morning give you a Gold repeating Watch, a Diamond Ring, and a Purse of Gold.

For *Tom Pirch*, the Watch-maker's Son; *Will Tippet*, the Habit-maker,  
and

and *Ned Vampit*, of *Cranbourn-Alley*; all had been serv'd so, as they told me themselves.

This made me long to be taken into Keeping, by some Woman of Quality;—tho' my Mama was against it, because she said I was inclinable to a Consumption; and I had then, as I have now, a little Touch of the Asthma.—So I must beg Leave to rest here a little.

And with your Leave, Reader, when Mr. *Poplin* has recover'd his Breath a little, we'll begin a new Chapter.

---

C H A P.

## C H A P. XXV.

**W**ALKING one Day in the *Park*, I saw *Tippet* take his Leave of a very fine Lady : She had a Silk Furbe-low on ; her Buckles sparkled, long broad Ribbons hung down her Hat ; she had the finest Complexion in the World, her Cheeks were as red as Vermillion ; and she darted her Eyes about, just like Clock-work.

This I judged to be one of *Will's* Women of Quality : So after he was out of Sight, I sidled up to her, and walked by her : She smiled at me very often. I wou'd have said something to her, but my Heart fail'd me : At last she said, you seem to know me, Sir ; upon which (for I had my Speech ready) I reply'd, I had often before, at a Distance, ador'd her ; but Fortune, till that Moment, had never been so propitious, as to permit me the extatic Transport of telling her so :—She said, pon her onner, she did not understand me. I answered her again, and she me ; and she kept walking till we came to *Buckingham Gate* ; she complain'd she was tired, and I prevail'd on her to step to the Inn there, and eat a Naples Bisket.

Well,

Well, Gentlemen, you may believe me, or not ; but what I tell you is Truth, and I'll take my Oath on't. I--I--I-- there enjoy'd her.---I cannot tell you, what I thought of myself then, or of her afterwards : When she ax't me to lend her a Guinea,---I was in Amaze.---I told her, as soon as I cou'd come to myself ;---that I imagin'd such young Ladies as she gave Gentlemen Money, not took any :---Upon which, she swore a great Oath, dashed a Glas of Wine in my Face, seiz'd me by the Shirt Collar, and tore it out of the Gathers ; saying---*What, you Pimp, do you want to turn Petticoat Pensioner.* Then she snatch'd my Sword.---Nay, I thought she wou'd have stuck me with it, for she half drew it ; but I gave her a Moidore, and Half-a-Crown for Coach-hire ; so we drank, and were Friends.

This Accident made me very careful of engaging in another Intrigue ;---as I was at a Loss how to pick the Good from the Bad : For you know, Gentlemen, they Dress as much alike, as can be ; but whether that is the Women of Fashion's, or the Women of the Town's Fault, I cannot tell.

Some few Days after, a Gentleman of my Mother's Acquaintance, took her  
and

and me into the Pit at *Drury-Lane* House; and just before the Play began, into the right-hand Stage Box came the fine Miss *Demirep*.---My Mother whisper'd me her Name; told me that was my Mark, and bid me begin Ogling.---I watch'd her Eyes;---she threw them about at Random: I cou'd not meet them, tho' I had made mine Water with Straining, till after the first Act was over. When she perceiv'd me, I began to languish indeed, and with great Success: For tho' Mr. *Garrick* acted that Night, she was always looking at me, except when he was upon the Stage.

I got out before her, as my Mother bid me, waited at the Box Doors, saw her get into her Chair. I bow'd to her. She saw me thro' her Glasses, and return'd it.---Away she went, swing, swang.---I followed,---tho' I spoiled a new Pair of white Silk Stockings by it; for it was wet Weather, and she liv'd as far as *Grosvenor-Street*.---I saw her hous'd, I went backward and forward, by her Door, for two Hours after; but I fancy she did not know I was there, because I cou'd not keep up with her Chairmen.

Next Day, about Noon, I walk'd by her House again, upon the Pavement, on t'other Side of the Way. She saw me,



me, and threw up the Sash; I made her a Bow, and walk'd off toward the *Park*; but she did'nt come into the Mall that Day, for it fell a Raining.

Next Day I went again; she was up one Pair of Stairs, and another fine Lady with her. And I did not despair, after my being acquainted with Miss *Demirep*, to have that young Lady too, and so have two Strings to my Bow. Up went the Sash again; but as I was looking at them, not minding my Feet, I fell over a Chair Pole; my Sword was entangled in my Coat Skirts, and my Hands all in the Mud; and the Mob Hollowed so, I was ready to die with Vexation. When I was pick'd up, and had recover'd myself, the Sash was down, the Ladies gone, but the Street Door was open, and a Servant beckon'd me to him, and sily gave me a Paper, all ty'd like a true Lover's Knot, and in it was,

*Dear Adonis,*

**I**F you are the Man of Spirit, your Figure Promises, be at *Bedford-Wall, Bloomsbury-Square*, at Twelve this Evening. Adieu, be secret, and be happy.

It was a very melancholy Spot. However, I hired a Couple of Men to guard me, and away I went to the Place of Affignation. The Night was very tempestuous; we never saw ne're a Soul 'till past one o'Clock. Then her Servant came, who made an Excuse for his Lady: That she was unexpectedly engaged, but wou'd be there in less than two Hours. I staid there 'till past Three, almost perish'd with Cold and Rain. The People I hired, wou'd not stay any longer without Drink;—The Watchman wou'd not fetch it: And I wou'd not let them leave me there alone; so we all three went to a Night-Cellar.

In the Interim, to see that Providence shou'd contrive it so, Miss *Demirep* came by in her Chariot: Vex'd to be sure she was, but still, what won't a Lady in love forgive; she order'd me to be there at the same Hour, in three Nights Time.

I went Home to my Mother's, to go to Bed; but she and the Gentleman, who had treated us at the Play, and a young Lady she had stole for him by Fortune-telling, were all set forward for *France* together, my Money and all, as she told me in a Letter she left for me. To add

to this Loss, when I fell over the Poles, the People who pick'd me up, also pick'd my Watch out of my Pocket.

These Things, you'll say, wou'd have turn'd some Folks Brain; but I knew Miss *Demirep* had Watches enough, and as for Money,—she had enough of that too.

I call'd next Day at the Gentleman and Porter, told our Club my good Luck, shewed them Miss *Demirep*'s Letter. They bid me take Care of myself, for *Tippet* was then keeping his Bed, upon Account of a Gentleman, who heard him mention a great Lady's Name, and say he had danc'd, and drank Tea with her. When the Gentleman came to examine him, as the Devil wou'd have it, *Tom* cou'd not tell if she was a black Woman, or a fair One, or short, or tall. So he got such a Beating; the Surgeon says, he never will be his own Man again.

But now, Gentlemen, judge if my Case is not the hardest in the whole World; for instead of being able to meet Miss *Demirep*, I was taken ill at Tea-time, of something like the spotted Fever: Whether that impudent Woman at *Buckingham-Gate*, that I drank with, gave me any Poison in my Glass, when

we

we drank Friends, I can't tell ;---but I was forc'd to keep my Room nine Weeks, all in Flannels, and to make away with my Cloaths ; and after I was well, the Doctor sent me here for not paying him.

There was something so very pertinent in *Junior's* Remarks upon the foregoing Narration ; that altho' the transcriber resolv'd not to suffer one serious Sentence to be introduc'd into this Performance, he can't help for once, and only once, to alter his Method.

*Junior.*

I don't so much blame as pity this young Fellow, for being so egregiously taken in ; but what shall we say to those of our Sex, older, and seemingly otherwise sensible People, who receive as authentic such ignominious Reports concerning Women of Distinction.

These Inconsistencies arose at first from the Forgeries, practis'd by the most noted Procuresses upon rich Foreigners, on their first arrival in *London*. Those infamous Dealers insinuating, that such and such illustrious Beauties used their Houses incog.

The enamour'd Hearers swallow'd the Bait. Presented high, and after many seeming Difficulties, and Appoint-

ments made, a stale showey Strumpet is palmed upon these undistinguishing Dupes, for a delicate Figure of Birth and Breeding.

Yet are the Gallants not used one Jot worse than they ought to be; for Messieurs, the first Opportunity, communicates, in a Whisper of Secrecy, their right honourable Intrigue: Imagining Ladies Favours, like Monarchs Gifts, must be expos'd to every Body, to give a Consequence to the Possessor.

But the present Madness of mangling noble Reputations, is owing to that obnoxious Existence, a News-monger.

Formerly, it was a Fashion to have a Fool in every great Family. But as Things are now circumstanc'd,—such a Character wou'd be needless: Therefore the upper Servants retain a comical Fellow, or Sing-song-man in his Place; and every Time my Lord or Lady dines out, this choice Spirit receives a Card to drink a Bottle of *Burgundy*, in the Steward's Room, or Butler's Plate-Closet; there he listens with Rapture, to a Catalogue of Quality Names; and according as Madam *Abigail* is in Temper, or Mr. *Thomas* in Spirits, the visiting List is treated with Obloquy, or Panegyric.

Next

Next Morning, this Man of Mirth, at his City Coffee-house ; (or if he is a very high Genius) at the *Bedford* ; begins with,—*Tom was you at the Shakespear last Night ?—I promis'd Kitty to be there ;—but I got too much Burgundy at his Grace's : And I heard my Lord say,—and the Countess told me.*—For he puts all into the first Person ; and then goes on with Bon-mots and secret Histories, as his Memory or Fancy may furnish him.

His wide-mouth Hearers, the Retailers of the Romance of the Day, swallowing each Sentence, hurry out like Runners to a Lottery-office, and fritter away at their dumpling-eating Ordinaries, the News of the Court. Thus in twenty-four Hours, every Supernumerary Tide-waiter, Scene-keeper, Fish-fogger, and Warehouse-man, knows all about what pass'd at *St. James's* : Who and who are coming together ; who and who are parted ; how much such a Lord lost upon turning up a Knave at All-fours, at *Whites* ; or what Haberdasher's Apprentice such a Lady Keeps.—This is sent by Way of Post-script News into the Country. The Fictitious are colour'd afresh, and like the Belief of Apparitions, propagated from Parish to Parish.—



Mr. *Fool* was then desir'd, (as he sat next the Gentleman who told the last Story; and as it was to go round like a Song) that he wou'd let the Company know someting about himself.

*Tom* repeated what the Reader may have already read. With his Story they concluded the Evening, and we the Chapter.

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## C H A P. XXVI.

NEXT Morning, Mr. *Mackendrock* deliver'd to *Tom Fool* the promised Manuscript. *Tom* immediately retir'd to his uncurtain'd Lodging, and there read as follows.

*Patchwork* ; or, the Life of *John Junior*, Esq; Interspersed with Dissertations, Quotations, Characters, Descriptions, Similies, Variations of Stile, Contents of Chapters, and Conclusions. Being an universal Copy-Book ; or, Assistant for all Pen-men in the Pamphlet Way. Design'd particularly as a Common-place, or Compendium : To be made use of, by the Putters-together of Things ; for the Circulating Libraries.

*Quisquamne igitur est, inter Scribleros sui Temporis, Scriblerus fieri velit præclarissimus : Hoc sibi Palmarium ducat.*

The Last Edition.

*The* CHAPTER of ELOQUENCE.*Peter the Great, Czar of Muscovy,*

WHEN in *England*, often visited Miss *Cross*, a celebrated Actress. Her Dresser was very pretty ; and during the Monarch's Residence in *Great Britain*, was brought to Bed of a fine Boy ; but before her Month was up, turn'd out of Doors by her Mistress. Not knowing properly how to dispose of her Babe, she recommended it to Providence on the Church-wardens Threshold. Providence preserv'd the Infant, the Overseers took Charge of it, and the Innocent was neither Overlaid, Starved, Blinded, or Lamed. This shews how wrong some People are in their Notions ; to suppose every Child is either disabled, or destroy'd, that is put out to Nurse by the Parish.

When the Boy cou'd go alone, he was hired by a Beggar-woman ; from thence convey'd to a Gang of Gypsies : With them he strolled, until the Age of Sixteen. Then a Clergyman, (before whom he was brought, for making too free with a Cock at *Shrove-tide* ;) in Hopes to reclaim,

reclaim, and preserve him, took him Home, and made him Footman in ordinary to the Family. But before the Sun had shaped his Zodiac Course; or, according to the present Fashion of Philosophy, before the electrified Earth had perform'd another Anniversary, he found the Way to his young Mistress's Bed; persuaded her to escape with him, and enter among his old Companions the Gypsies.

Among this Common-wealth of Mendicants, the fair *Renegada* was brought to Bed of a Son.

After the young Lady was out of her Straw, a Committee was appointed to name the Child; but the Father protested against that Motion; for as he had no Name himself, why should his Son? *For you know* (directing his Discourse to the Queen of the Assembly) Yes, I do know, reply'd the wrinkled Register of Times long past. As she arose from her Stool, the long-worn Rug slowly sliding off her Shoulders.—I do know, you ought to have had a Name; therefore she order'd the Father to bear, and wear the Name of *Senior*, and his Son to be call'd *Junior*: And by those Names, if the Reader has a mind to be

more acquainted with them, they are hereafter to be known.

The excessive Fondness which *Junior's* Mother was guilty of towards her first-born, almost ruin'd the Child : Instead of suffering him to be brought up in the *Lacedemonian* Manner ; a Manner in which all true Gypsies are constituted, she kept him in clean Linnen, wash'd his Face with Lemon-juice, to take the Tan off, and wou'd not let him walk bare-foot for the World.---As to practising Cards and Dice, and the Dexterity of each, she was not against ; because, as she said, by and by, he wou'd be in high Life, she hop'd, and therefore it was necessary he shou'd know how to behave himself. But the Effeminacy with which she educated him, occasion'd a Meeting to be call'd ; and there the eldest of the Brotherhood thus delivered himself.

“ My Friends, my Brothers, my Fellow-labourers. The more we observe Life, the more Reason we have to be alarm'd, least any of it's present Follies, shou'd either thro' Fashion, or Prejudice, taint our Society, and Gypsies become degenerated, like the rest of Mankind.

“ When

“ When was there a Gypsy so wretch-  
 “ ed, as to ridicule the Religion of  
 “ his Forefathers? Or when one base  
 “ enough to grumble against the Go-  
 “ vernment he was protected by? Have  
 “ we adorn’d one gable End of our  
 “ Barns with *Gothic* Arches, or *Venetian*  
 “ Windows? Or do we ever spread our  
 “ Straw out after the *Chinese* manner?

“ Is it not owing to our bringing up,  
 “ that we are able to attempt, and to  
 “ endure?---And is it not?---But look,  
 “ --look into the World; behold how it  
 “ is peopled, except among us: Can  
 “ any Part of Mankind call themselves  
 “ *Hardy, Honest, Healthy, and Daring.*

“ Let not therefore the Blood of the  
 “ Gypsies be adulterated. Let *Senior’s*  
 “ Son be brought up like a Man, that  
 “ he may get Men: But let not vigour-  
 “ tainting Affections be introduc’d a-  
 “ mong us; but be this promising Child  
 “ immediately weaned from his Depra-  
 “ vities, fix him in Health and Exer-  
 “ cises, least his Juices, and his Under-  
 “ standing be equally impair’d, his Prin-  
 “ ciples poison’d, his Courage lost in  
 “ Self-love, and he in the End, become  
 “ either a *Smart*, a *Jemmy*, a *Choice Spi-*  
 “ *rit*, a *Daffodil*, or a *Blood*; Beings  
 “ unfit to swarm upon the Face of the  
 H 6 “ Earth,



“ Earth ; and such as have yet never  
 “ been known in a Gang of Gyysies ;  
 “ and therefore I hope Providence will  
 “ prevent our Breed from ever being  
 “ contaminated by such Derogations.”

*Brunetta* then spoke (for these Itine-  
 rants, like Quakers, allow Women to  
 hold forth among them.)--*Metbinks, Mr.*  
*Hazle, you might have softened your Speech,*  
*as one may say, and been a little more de-*  
*licate, for the Sake of Master Junior's*  
*Mama.*————

“ For whose Sake ? (interrupted *Ha-*  
 “ *zle.*) His Mama's Sake ? I do it  
 “ for her Sake, and all our Sakes ? For  
 “ we are all as one ; we are born for  
 “ each other. Was there ever a Gypsy,  
 “ that possessed so narrow a Mind, as  
 “ to think of himself, when the Good  
 “ of all was concern'd.—No,—but Bre-  
 “ thren, be not amus'd with Delicacy :  
 “ If once Delicacy, as 'tis call'd, gets  
 “ Footing among us ; what then be-  
 “ comes of Manhood ? Luxury imme-  
 “ diately follows, attended by Sensuality,  
 “ and Impotence ; Then what will be-  
 “ come of the Race of Gyysies ? Cor-  
 “ ruption wou'd creep into our Coun-  
 “ cils ; and in half a Century more, a  
 “ Gypsy wou'd be asham'd to be Sun-  
 “ burn'd.”

This

This Harangue had the intended Effect; *Junior's* Mother was forc'd to part with her Darling; which she took so much to Heart, that she left Mr. *Senior* and his Son, and took Shelter at a Schoolmaster's.

Her Behaviour at first very much afflicted them; but they comforted themselves, with reflecting her Error did not cast any Odium upon their Society, since she was not a Gypsy, but only a Gentlewoman.

After his Lady's Elopement, Mr. *Senior's* whole Study was to instruct *Junior* in every Accomplishment proper for him, to make a Figure in the World with. He taught him Boxing and Backgammon, to secure at Hazard, and play at Small-sword; to drink Sentiments, and ride for Saddles; to feed Cocks, and dance Hornpipes. But in the midst of *Junior's* Exercises, the strong Hand of Law seiz'd upon the Parent, and condemned him to a septennial Exile.

This was Spite and Malice; for tho' *Junior's* Father had a strong Propensity to seize every Thing portable, it was no more criminal in him, than it is in a Puppy, to tear every Thing before he's worm'd. Besides, as Doctor *Woodward* says, in his State of Physic,—Page 15.

*Salts*

*Salts are sometimes so vitiated, and so exuberant, as to get Dominion over the Patient, put him out of his own Power, and subject him intirely to their Government and Insults.*

Therefore, this was a Distemper common to the whole Species of Gypsies, as the Scurvy is to Sailors, occasioned by living upon salt Victuals, as aforesaid. During the Days of his Captivity, Mr. *Senior* invented the Liquor to stain the Ends of Tooth-picks. Altho' this may be thought trivial, by an unconcern'd Reader, yet it is proper to be mention'd here. Family Memorials are daily published; and in them, the celebrated Personages are investigated with more Accomplishments than even Tomb-stones tell us: Perhaps, therefore, this Secret hereafter might be attributed to some other Person.

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### *The* CHAPTER of HONOUR.

AFTER Mr. *Senior's* Embarkation, *Junior* his Son was entertain'd by the Proprietor of a Set of moving Theatrical Figures, call'd a Puppet-shew.

pet-shew. In that State he continued, until the Husband caught him in Bed with his Wife: This occasioned some little Uneasiness in the Family.

The Manager of the Company, in a Pet, list'd for a Marine, and sold his *Dramatis Personæ* by Auction. *Punch* was bought by an Inn-keeper for a *Bacchus*; a Tobacconist took *Romeo*, being a genteel Figure, to stand at his Shop Door, with a Pipe in his Mouth; *Harlequin* was sold to a Snuff-shop, for the Sign of the *Highlander*; the *Devil* was given to the School-boys to make a Bonfire with; the Landlady's Daughter had *Juliet* for a Doll; and the Attorney's Wife put up *Joan* and the *Blackamoor* Lady, for two *Chinese* Figures, on her Chimney-piece. As to the rest of the Actors, and Actresses, they were billeted away to boil Tea-kettles with.

*Junior*, and the Lady of the Show, prepar'd for *London*; but on the first Evening of their Journey, a recruiting Serjeant, who had formerly been acquainted with the Party *Junior* was escorting, join'd them. When old Friends meet, they have always something particular to say to one another; but that Conversation was postpon'd 'till *Junior* shou'd be asleep; and then Slipshod,  
with

with only her under Petticoat on, softly crept to the Military's Apartment.

No sooner did *Junior* perceive her leave the Bed (for he had overheard the Agreement, and therefore counterfeited Sleep) but Jealousy, foul-feeding Fiend, took Possession of his Breast, Bosom, and Stomach; thence sublimating to his Head, it there met the Dæmon Drunkenness, already Tenant of the pineal Gland, the Soul's chief Seat. He arose all Uproar; and huddling on his Cloaths, he rumbled up in his Arms, Gown, Stays, Stockings, Apron, and quilted Petticoat, the Apparel belonging to his fair Inconstant, and vow'd with a loud Vow, he wou'd sacrifice them to his Resentment in the Kitchen Fire.

Just at the Moment he was hurrying down the Stair-case of the Inn, to put his fatal Resolves in Execution, one of the Quorum was hobbling up to Bed; the Chambermaid, with a long Candle in her Hand, and a Pan of Coals under her Arm, preceded his Worship; and *Will* the Waiter brought up the Rear, with a large *China* Bason full of Sack Whey.

Blinded by Revenge, *Junior* broke the Cavalcade, by beating down the Maid; back on the Justice she fell; the burning

ing Coals came all over his Honour, and his Honour all into the Sack Whey.

The Perpetrator of this Fact dropp'd the Bundle, destin'd to the Flames; and crawling over the fallen Carcasses, made his Escape into the Yard. The Darkneſs of the Night aſſiſting, he eluded his Purſuers, by ſecreting himſelf in the Boot of a Stage Coach.

Before the taper Fingers of Miſs Morning had lifted up the Portcullis of the Ecliptic, the Oſtler unbolted the Gates of the Inn, to expedite ſome *Scotch* Merchants. *Junior* took that Opportunity, unperceiv'd, crept from his Lurking-place, and followed the *North Britiſh* Dealers.

He ſtopp'd at the Turnpike, reſolving to wait there, 'till Mr. *Dill* the Serjeant came up, and demand Satisfaction; *Junior* being determin'd not to ſuffer ſuch an Indignity to be caſt upon his Honour.

For Honour is the innate Principle of choice Spirits; it acts upon Mankind, as Inſtinct inſtigates all other Animals: It is like a good Complexion, any body may wear it: It is like the Philoſopher's Stone, it brings great Riches by Tranſmutation; it is like a Maidenhead, often ſold over and over; it is a Waterman's  
Badge,



Badge, that won't let the Wearer be press'd into the Service; it is like a Flint, it fires upon being struck; it is like.—What is it not like?—But to unfamilise it out of our Way: Therefore we shall leave the Reader a little while in the Dark, as we have done *Junior*, and reconnoitre the naughty Couple left at the Inn.

It was with some Difficulty the Serjeant's Lady recover'd her Cloaths; and Mr. *Drill*, with much grumbling, paid the Reckoning; his Mistress having, in a Fit of vast Fondness, made the other Gallant her Cash-keeper.—An Error, which I hope all Ladies that keep, will guard against hereafter.

*Junior* discover'd the faithless Pair straining up the Hill. He slid immediately from his Mile-stone Seat; hitching up his Breeches with one Hand, and brandishing a Piece of Faggot Wood in the other, intrepid mov'd to meet the Subaltern Staff-Officer.

As when,—but we have no Time for Comparisons.—*Drill*, soon as he met *Junior*, held his Hand out to him open—the Emblem of Amity:—but the other, instead of accepting it, told him, with a Face fiery red with Vexation,—I didn't expect this Usage from you, Sir; I  
looked

looked upon you, Sir, to be a Man of Honour?

*Drill.*

Sir, this is the first Time that ever my Honour was call'd in Question.—Don't make such a Fuss, *interrupted the Female*; some People are such odd Mortals.—Upon my Honour, Mr. *Junior*, you us'd me ill about my Cloaths; because the Serjeant and I mought be together.—I know'd him formerly; and I have too much Honour to be ungrateful to any Man: Besides, if you had been asleep, you wou'd have known nothing of it; and then, where was the Harm of it?

*Drill.*

Don't cry, *Bett*; I am ready to answer Mr. *Junior*, as every Man of Honour ought. As to what's past, I ask your Pardon, and I am sure that's Satisfaction enough for a Gentleman; for I understand what it is to be a Man of Honour, as well as any one in *England*. But what's that, when a Man is hungry.—Here's *Bett* and I hav'n't broke our Fast To-day, and this Hill has almost kill'd us.

*Junior.*

Sir, since you have clear'd up every Thing, as a Man of Honour ought;—here's my Hand:—I'll bear your Charges.  
—The

—The patient Husband, thus---but a Word to the Wife is enough.---Therefore, brother Writers;---Gentlemen of the Booksellers Band, accept of the following Instructions.----

*Marcus Scaurus* has defin'd Invention to be an Ebullition of Ideas. Now in the Ebbs and Flows of Thought, the Currents, Tides, Outfalls, Eddies, and Standing-waters of Taste,---no Person's Head is so much Whirl-pool'd, as an Authors; inwardly working by the wambling of the Brain; which, like the Oratory of the Quakers, can never bring forth, 'till the Spirit moves it.---Therefore it behoves Penmen to be very Housewifely, mingling all Things they can for the Good of the Public, as the Fragments of Sunday's Supper may serve for Monday's Breakfast.---Often therefore, like me, present your Readers with a Hash.

Here, like *Longinus*, I have wrote the Precept, and given the Example, at the same Time. Often will the Reader meet with a similar Incident in the following circumlocutory Register, which really has a Moral,

—————And, no Doubt,  
But each has Sense enough to find it out.

*The* CHAPTER of SECRECY.

**T**HIS History is silent on a very material Point.—Whether *Bett* was, or was not true, to *Junior's* Bed, the rest of the Journey.—But we must judge charitably. Supposing then, that *Junior* receiv'd no farther Wrong, or he did not find out any ; which, as the Lady observ'd, is all the same Thing.—We shall escort them to *Colchester*, where the Serjeant's Ensign quarter'd ; who immediately dispatch'd Mr. *Drill* to Town with a Deserter, and took *Bett* to himself ; providing also for her Cousin *Junior* (as she call'd him) by making him Servant in ordinary. *Junior* inherited from his Father a manual Dexterity, or Slight of Hand ; for the Practice of which Accomplishment he lost his Place. Not that any thing cou'd be prov'd upon him ; but the Officer swore he was like *Cæsar*, for that his Wife, or Servant, shou'd not be suspected.

From *Colchester* *Junior* took a speedy Departure, big with Expectation of the Pleasures he shou'd enjoy in *London*.

Thus raging to be rich, *French* Dancers, Pimps, Cooks, and Hair-cutters,  
venture

venture to cross the Sea, slavish to earn, or beg, or pilfer *England's* ready Money.

For that the unfexed Singer ships itself from *Italy's* effeminated Shore.--- For that---Oh, *London, London, London*: Thou, like thy fair River *Thames*, receives the Rubbish of each Soil.

On his Arrival at *Whitechappel*, he star'd with vast Surprize at the Carcase Butchers; was amaz'd at the Show-glasses in *Lombard-Street*, but miss'd seeing the Mansion-house; being taken up with contemplating the Stream of the Kennel, and wonder'd how they cou'd let so much Water run to waste.

Mr. *Drill* then met him; and after resolving a few Questions, reciprocally--- by the military Interest, he was made Waiter at . . . . .

*Junior's* natural Parts soon made him be taken Notice of by some Gentlemen of Fortune. (*i. e.* who lived by Fortune) They pass'd for Men of Family, but were only Family Men. Beings as distinct from each other, as a Gale from the Spice Islands, and the Reek of a rotten Dunghill.

When they discover'd his extraordinary Handiness, in Operations of Dexterity;

terity; he was *nem. con.* admitted a Brother.

He acquitted himself in all Lucubrations with a wonderful Presence of Mind. But having too many Irons in the Fire, he happen'd to burn himself. The Multiplicity of his Pursuits, which, as a sporting Man, he was obliged to be engaged in, occasioned an Incident, which forced him to abandon them all.

The Reader must excuse me from setting down secret Transactions of Life, as if it was the Ordinary's Account. It is customary indeed, to commit into Print, every domestic Quarrel, natural Defect; or youthful Indiscretion.

For my Brother Memorialists, Ruffian-like, rush into a Lady's Bedchamber, and uncover her to all the World; regardless of either Law, or Decency.--- Yet I shall not let the World into any part of *Junior's* Behaviour, that wou'd blemish his Reputation. Here then we may, with Propriety, make use of an Hiatus.\*\*\*\*\*



*The* CHAPTER of SCHEMES.

**L**IBERTY he regain'd, and resolv'd for the future to act out of the Law's Reach; at least never more to be concern'd in any one Thing, which the Letter of it was diametrically against.

But what now cou'd he do? What was he to live upon? To live out of *London*, was next to not living; and not to live there like a Gentleman, he was absolutely against, from the Prejudice of former Practice.

He consults his Friend, his only Friend, a Female; at that Time Bar-keeper to a *French* Wine-house. She had formerly been Mistress of a Coffee-house herself; but fond of witty Mens Conversation, her Tenement became noted, as a House of Call, for clever Fellows. This made the Men of real Fortune desert her. For Persons of Condition don't care to spend their Estates with People, who pretend to have more Wit than themselves.

Depriv'd of her Ready-money Customers, she was oblig'd to break up House-keeping.

keeping. *Junior* desir'd her Opinion about his hereafter Well-doing.

After she had heard him (and with much Pain endeavoured to extract one remaining Drop of Juice from a half Lemon, already squeez'd three Times over) thus his fair Unfortunate began.

“ *Jack Junior* you know I love you,  
 “ and have often, before this last Acci-  
 “ dent happen'd, begg'd you wou'd  
 “ leave off the Family Men's Company.  
 “ —No, not you :—now see what comes  
 “ on't :—before I'd be stigmatiz'd as  
 “ you are.—Lord, what's Life, if we  
 “ can't be looked on as some how.—  
 “ Now, as to a Whore? Why to be  
 “ sure that's another Thing; for every  
 “ body knows what they are about :—  
 “ and I don't think there's any more Sin  
 “ in it, than there is in short Measure ;  
 “ but I wou'd not be a Family Man for  
 “ the World.”

*Junior.*

I tell you, I am determin'd to leave off Play ; for if the Justices were not so vigilant, we have so many Interlopers, (Gentle and Simple) in the several Branches of Sharping, that Gambling is now become so common, upon my Honour I am asham'd on't.

*Amy.*

Ay, and we have so many Interlopers  
 I in

in our Business too, that it's very hard now for a Girl of the Town to get a decent Living. It's a Shame that the Government shou'd allow, either in your Way, or mine, any People to set up for themselves, but those who have suffer'd Apprenticeships.

*Junior.*

But what wou'd you have me do  
*Amy?*

*Amy.*

I'd have you live like a Gentleman; no Man indites a better Letter than yourself. I'm sure, if you've a Mind to it, any Bookseller will employ you; why shou'dn't you live by your Wit, as well as we unhappy Women do by our Faces.

*Junior.*

As to turning Author, I have no Aversion to that; but when I have wrote, who the Devil will mind it; you see already, there are more Books than Buyers, more Writers than Readers; and I don't doubt, but in a few Years, going to School will be as much ridicul'd as going to Church.

*Amy.*

I have got a fine Receipt by me to kill Buggs. Suppose you was to get a Patent for't; it wou'd do the World more  
Good,

Good, than all your Tinctures, or Lix-  
urs, or Liquid Shells.

*Junior.*

I was thinking indeed to advertise myself with a M. D. or A. M. before my Name, and three or four more Capitals;—but it wou'd be only to read Lectures in some of the Sciences. I cou'd pick enough out of the Dictionaries in a Week's Time, as other Lecturers do.

*Amy.*

Ay, but People are too fond of hearing themselves talk now-a-days, to mind what other Folks say;—except you'll turn Methodist Preacher.

*Junior.*

I intend to have a Touch at that, one Day or another; and for that Purpose, I have frequented *Bedlam* this Month past, daily, on Purpose to know how to act Agonies: but I an't perfect enough yet.

*Amy.*

What think you then of the Stage, by Way of Preparation. Mr. *Rich* I'm sure wants People; you are a good Figure. I have many Friends in the *Temple*, my Mistress's Keeper shall puff you off in the City;—and then snug,—you are sure of a good Salary.

*Junior.*

Yes, if I had been of another Country, then my Friends wou'd have made a national Affair on't, and managed the Manager. But you know *English* People, either Abroad or at Home, are the only People in the World who will not support one another.

*Amy.*

I have a rare Thought; there's a Pump stands in our Garden, but never us'd; the Spring is so brackish, they say a Smith's Forge-water runs into the Well, so that makes it a Mineral you know.—And I'm sure we might, for half a Guinea a Head, get six or seven poor People to make Affidavits they were cured by it.—So then put some hard Words of Physic in the Papers about it, —and it wou'd sell well, and be no Disgrace to you neither, because you wou'dn't be the only one of the Family that has done so.

*Junior.*

Suppose you and I were to be married; I cou'd easily surprize you in Bed with some rich young Fellow of my Acquaintance.

*Amy.*

Lord, that's such an old Scheme;—  
why

why Actions about criminal Conversations, are as much a Trade now-a-Days, as Statutes of Bankruptcy. Tho' curse me, if I can think of any other Ways, besides those I have mentioned, for you to live like a Gentleman; unless you'll turn Pimp, and that I know your Spirit's too great for.—Tho' now-a-Days——

A Lady who came to pay *Amy's* Mistress a Visit, put a stop to their Conversation, and *Junior* retir'd irresolute. He might indeed have made himself a Man if he wou'd; but there is a Saying, either in *Statius*, or *Eustatius*, that if a Man won't be good, he'll be good for Nothing,——

For tho' he has seen all the World, and been quite the Thing in it, his whole Dependance is at present in turning Tobacco-stoppers, except what may arise from the Sale of this Book, which is now exhibited before Company, for the Erudition of all hereafter Life Writers.



*The* CHAPTER of NARRATIONS.

**D**Escending from so great an Origin, it is not to be wonder'd, that *Junior's* Views were amazingly extensive. As to Money, 'twas a Trifle ; he neither regarded how it came, nor after it was gone, how it went.

This philosophical Inattention, sometimes put him to Inconveniencies, in respect to the Terms, Debtor and Creditor, and often forc'd him to ruminate upon hereafter Enjoyments, without breaking his Fast. In that very Circumstance was he, the next Day, on a Bench in the *Park*, about Four o'Clock in the Afternoon ; an Hour when the very Rich, and very Neccessitous, equally perambulate ; one because they will not drink their Bottle in the Afternoon ; the others because they can't.

Down on the Bench by him squatted a young Fellow, in a lac'd scanty Frock, tight-folded at the Wrists, a Tassel dangling from his Hat, and in his Hand a Stick as long as a Leaping-pole. He yawn'd, he stretch'd, then sliding half off the Seat, he struck his Pump Heels into the Gravel, at the same time hiding  
both

both his Hands in his Nankeen Pockets, and rattling his Money ;—thus he Soliloquiz'd,—hummm'd, —yes,—hummm'd,—that's all.—Then seizing his Cane, which Musket-like had rested against his Shoulder ; he began to work it into the Earth, as if he was a Mine-adventurer, and thought proper there to begin boring.

Turning his Eyes askance, he discern'd *Junior*, then broad staring at him, as Ladies of Quality look at their Husbands City Relations, to see if the Creatures are really worth talking to ;—he address'd the Man of no Fortune, with,—*Do you know what Women are, Sir ?*

*Junior.*

Women, Sir, in their Natures abstracted ?——

*Squire.*

Curse me, if they an't distracted, Sir, I'll bet ten Pounds on't ; there's no more Dependance upon them, than there is upon,—I'll tell you what, Sir ? You may talk of Feeders being Rogues, and Jockies, and all that ; but there's more Honesty in one Whipper-in, than in all the Strumpets in ten Parishes.—I think I know a Thing, or two,—I think I do,—only ask *Tomkyns* after me ; and if he says I'm to be had, either by Man or

Woman, gi'me an Angel, and I'll give you 500.—Yet I'm flung for all that.

*Junior.*

Sir, if it wou'd not seem impertinent, to enquire into the Cause of your Complaint, as I have seen much of the World—

*Squire.*

Seen, what signifies what a Man has seen; I have seen enough of the World myself, for that Matter.--Pray, Sir, have you ever travell'd?

*Junior.*

Yes, Sir, I have been in most Parts of *Europe*.

*Squire.*

So have I, but I don't find myself a bit the better for't.—I wonder People will send their Children over-sea for Education, and Manners, when they may be qualified better by half at Home.

*Junior.*

There are fine Academies Abroad, Sir?

*Squire.*

So there may, Sir, but they don't know how to build a Dog-kennel: Tho' you seem to be a very honest Fellow, Sir, will you go to the Fountain, and take a Bird and a Bottle; I hav'n't din'd yet,  
and

and I can't say I love Eating or Drinking alone.

They adjourn'd to the Place appointed; and after Dinner was over, thus the Squire went on—

You must know Mr. *Junior*; you say your Name is *Junior*, Sir?

*Junior.*

Yes, Sir.

*Squire.*

Well then, you must know I was born,—but what signifies where a Man was born, that's so like the Session's Paper; all that I shall say about it, is, they wanted me to learn *Latin* and *Greek*; and I knew I was to have 3000 *l.* a Year, and I wou'dn't,—I didn't want to be a Parson,—Well, my Mother wou'd have me in the Army, and my Father wanted to send me to the University; so they us'd to have a thousand Words about it: In the mean Time I went no where at all, only a Snipe-shooting.

However, at last, my Sister's Waiting-maid, (a very petty Girl she was, Faith,) recommended her Brother for a Tutor, as honest a Fellow as e're collected a Reckoning.

We went to *Paris*, and was to have gone to *Italy* and *Rome*. But in *France* we met some honest Bucks, so we agreed

to stay where we was ; and my Tutor and I wrote Word Home, the Roads were all full of Robbers, and that I cou'd finish my Exercises there.—Ay, and Exercise we did; for if we went to Bed one Night sober, all the seven Months we staid there,—the Pope's a Presbyterian. We did drink damn'd hard to be sure. There was *Will Trail*, that married his Huntsman's Daughter; *Tom Thackaldine*, that bred Squirrels; *Ned Winter-skrub*, that kept *Sandy Betty*; *Logan*, the Tennis-player; *Jack Cub*, that won the Fox Hounds; Me, and my Tutor. If ever the *French* People saw such a Set before,—if ever they did,—why they did, that's all;—but if ever they did, my Name is not *Singleten*. Well, my Father died whilst I was there.—I had pitted him against Sir *Thomas Blinkard's* Dad, old Single-peeper.—Then I began to know Life, and be quite the Thing in it; so I was oblig'd to keep a Girl you know: So what did I do, but get my Tutor's Sister; I have kept her these two Years; and this Morning she has jilted me. She pack'd up her Cloaths, and is gone to live honest, as she says; but I'll not believe that.—Besides, if it was so, what signifies a Woman's living honest now-a-Days.

The

The Concern which *Junior* express'd for Squire *Singleton*'s Misfortunes, made the Man of Estate swear they wou'dn't part that Night, and immediately went down and order'd Supper.

Squire *Singleton*, at his Return, introduc'd a Lady; the Reader may, if he pleases, be immediately acquainted with.

On her Entrance, she kindly enquir'd where *Junior* had bestow'd himself for some Time past; because, as she very justly observ'd, if he had been in *London*, she must certainly have seen him.

To prejudice the Squire farther in his Favour, and seemingly to satisfy her, he related, or more properly put together, some Incidents, which he deliver'd as Part of his Adventures; wherein, according to all the Laws of modern Life-telling, he began with robbing Orchards, personating Apparitions, mutinying against his Schoolmasters, and creeping to the Maid-servant's Bed.

Then being turn'd out of Doors; then how he jump'd into the Water, and sav'd one Lady; into the Fire, and sav'd another: For Fire and Water are rare Elements, and always at Hand, either for despairing Lovers, or despairing Fable-makers.



Then one of those Ladies fell in Love with him, and took him away in her own Coach and Six; and then he grew tired of her, and she grew jealous; and then he went Abroad, and fought two Duels; and then he came Home, and box'd *Buckhorse*; and then he went into the Country, and then he saw by Chance, in a thick Wood, just upon the Point of being ravish'd, a fine Lady, with a prodigious Fortune, that liv'd with a lone Aunt, in a lone House, by a small Village; and how he with a Hedge-stake knock'd the Rogues down; and how he and the Lady fell in Love together; and then he had a Friend; and then his Friend was false; and then the Lady was lock'd up; and then his hair-breadth Scapes from Constables, Pokers, Pocket-pistols, Mastiff-dogs, Brass-candlesticks, Garret-windows, and Bum-bailey's.

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*The* CHAPTER of DESCRIPTIONS.

**H**IS Narration was receiv'd with Applause, his Health drank, Case pitied, and a fresh Bottle call'd for; then with a little Intreaty, Miss *Mask*,  
the

the Lady Mr. *Singleten* had introduc'd, began her History : But as there is nothing either new, delicate, or instructing, in a Woman of the Town's Life, we shall draw a Veil over this Part of our Picture.

Day-light now glimmer'd thro' the Shutters ; the drowsy Waiters enter'd unrunng for, yawning out, Gentlemen, did you call : The expiring Candles rattled in their Sockets, Uproar eccho'd from the Streets, dire was the Din of Porters and Herb-women, coming from *Hungerford* ; and Haberdashers of Fish tramping down to *Billingsgate* ; feeble Watchmen now limp'd Home, benumm'd with sleeping as they sat ; and from Night-cellars, ascended (like despairing Sinners from their Graves) sodden, wrinkled, ruff, and shivering Writers, out of Pay, Strumpets out of Luck, and Bucks out of their Senses.

The Squire drew *Junior* aside, and told him, he had a great Mind to take Miss *Mask* down to his Country Seat with him ; but *Junior* endeavour'd to dissuade him, for that it wou'd be running a great Hazard, in respect to Constitution ; and that he did not think it wou'd be proper, for Reasons best known to himself ; the principle one (but that he did

did not tell the Squire) was, he intended to have her for his own Woman. Imitating in this, the caution-giving People of all Ages, who never bestow Council without a vain, or selfish Consideration. For the Wise dole out Advice, as rich Men give lac'd Liveries; not for the Sake of the Wearer, but for their own Advantage.

However, Mr. *Singleton* was determin'd; and because *Junior* should have no Reason to complain, he was made the Third of the Party; and on the ensuing *Sunday* they set out for the Squire's Mansion-house.

As *Sunday* is the Day, that, Time out of Mind, has been set apart for Diversion, I shall here insert the following Descriptions, which my fellow Catastrophists may use *ad Libitum*.

This Day—the tender-back of the one ey'd Hackney, is fresh gall'd by the unfitting Saddle, which the new-booted Prentice, or Figure-dancer bestrides; upright and stiff as *Turk* impaled,—or Knight of Ancientry in steely Armour clasp'd.

On this Shop-shutter'd Morn, Servants (like Soldiers on the Eve of a Battle) make ready their Accoutrements, Scowering, Scrubbing, Rubbing, Brushing,

ing, Washing, Scraping, Smoothing, and Japanning.

On this Day at Noon, the fine Folks of *Red-cross-street*, and *London-wall*, take the Field in *St. James's Park*, and drive the other fine Folks to more remote Retreats. Thus when the *Plebian Pellet* enters the Bottom of the *Pot-gun*, off with a Bounce, the upper or patrician Pellet flies, and at a Distance takes the Air.——

On this Day,—but we have had Day enough; it was Night before the Gentlemen and Miss *Mask* reach'd Mr. *Singleten's* Seat; where they were agreeably surpriz'd with the News, that next Week the Races began.

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### *The* CHAPTER of the HORSE-RACE.

ON the first Race Morning, Mr. *Singleten* and *Junior* made their Appearance in Taste. They peep'd into the Penns, walk'd aside with the Feeders, took a turn Arm in Arm with the Riders, shook Hands with the knowing Ones, produc'd *Heber's* Half-sheer, squeez'd

squeez'd into the Billiard-room, clamber'd into the Cockpit, propos'd all Sorts of Betts, to display their arithmetical Talents; but took none, to shew they were in the Secret.—Word then was given for Dinner.

After the Cloth was dragg'd off, and two Toast-masters appointed; thus the Conversation open'd.

*Junior.*

What's the most Odds, *Stamford* don't win To-morrow?

*Mr. Hedge.*

*Fenwick's Pastern*, is either first, or second, at *Malton*, for Fifty.

*Sir Thomas Main.*

That's the Bay Colt that run against the *Hambleton Filly*: He's as slow as a Town-top; he was all Abroad the first Mile Gallopping. *Tom Jackson* told me, he had him at all he cou'd do at *Wakefield*, and had like to have run him to a Stand still.

*Hedge.*

Why then he Wins, and nothing else, for Twenty.

*Omnium gatherum.*

Done to you.—Done to you.—Done to you.

*Young Blood.*

D—me I'm almost stunn'd.—What's the

the most Odds, I don't chuck this Decanter upon that Beggar-woman there, with the Child in her Arms.

*Squire Singleten.*

Come, you don't hit her Head for five Pounds, and I say done first.

*Sir Thomas.*

Here's the King of *Prussia's* Health; and I'll hold a 100 *l.* he wins the long Main.

*Blood.*

And I'll hold 50 more, that, that, *French* Son of Bitch Monsere——what's his Name,——don't beat our Admiral.

*Squire Singleten.*

I only wish we were to show one and thirty Cocks, or ride a Sweepstake Match with the *French* Thieves, for the *West-Indies*,——I'd go 5000 myself.

*Junior.*

Heads and Tails my Ordinary, and Extraordinary.——Then the Conversation grew too confus'd to be taken down; bawling for Change, ordering out the Horses, and calling to pay, all at once:——Money rattling in the Plates, Chairs tumbling on the Floors, Musick playing on the Stairs, Footmen singing in the Tap-room, Lifts crying at the Window, Ostler's quarrelling, Postillions shouting, Glasses falling, empty Bottles rowling,



ing, different Bells jangling, Landlady screaming, the Innkeeper swearing, the Waiters ecchoing; that without having Recourse to Metaphor, we might say, the Air was really wounded.

When the Week's Diversion was over, the Squire, Miss, and *Junior*, return'd to the Mansion-house; where, according to all modern Practice, *Jack* intrigued with the Lady, in Manner and Form hereafter to be mentioned.

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## C H A P.

**T**O those amorous Climacterics, whose Inclinations, spite of Impotency, hurry them hobbling thro' the *Park* at Twilight, in quest of unfledg'd Game.—To Women once upon the Town, now since cured, on inferior Pensions;—or else, as Bum-bailies Wives, waddling about the Spunging-house Kitchen. And lastly, to those abortive Beings, call'd old Maids, soured by Disdain, as Wine too long kept on the Lees will turn to Vinegar; the following Description and Delineation is address'd.

Soon

Soon after their Return, the Squire resolving to ride out alone one Afternoon, begg'd *Junior* wou'd keep Miss Company. *Junior* went in Search of the Lady. He found her in the little Par-lour, where they had din'd; she was fallen asleep, her Chair-back leaning against the Wainscot; a scarlet Glow bloomed on her Cheeks, her uncover'd Breast, half-shown Legs;—*Junior* gaz'd a Moment, and then softly approaching her,—stole a Kiss,—too eager in the Repetition,—down fell the nice dress'd Lady from the Chair.—*Junior* began to make an Apology,—but she turn'd it off with a Laugh, calling him cursed romping Devil, sprung to the Glass, settling her Cap, and enquir'd after her Squire.

As soon as she heard he was rode out, she very briskly challenged *Jack Junior* to follow her, and up Stairs she flew, swift as *Atalanta*, no golden Pipins cou'd stop her.

Just at the Landing-place *Junior* caught her, and then attempted to open the first Chamber; 'twas lock'd; Miss *Mask* then whisk'd into the next, and flinging open the Feet Curtains—discover'd!—beheld, and saw!—Arm link'd in Arm!—her own Squire!—the indi-  
vidual

vidual Mr. *Singleten*, asleep with the Dairy-maid.

As when the Unfortunate at Hazard sees his last worldly Stake nick'd;—silent and stupify'd he sits a Moment;—then dashes down the Box, knocks the Candles out, kicks the Waiters, bites his Knuckles, gnaws his Hat, runs raving to *Somerset-stairs*, takes Boat, and under the Center-arch of *Westminster-Bridge*, ends his Cares by Anabaptism.——

Thus was Miss *Mask* agitated; she seiz'd the Girl by the Heels, dragg'd her down sowze on the Floor, Head-foremost;—flew at the Squire, tore, kick'd, cursed, bit, and it was with great Difficulty, she was prevented from tearing either the Girl, or the Squire, or herself to Pieces.

But after a Shower of Tears, half an Ounce of Hartshorn, and two Bank Bills that were thrust down her Bosom, by Way of Stiptic, she came to herself, the Squire was forgiven, the Maid discharg'd, a Journey to *Bath* concluded on, in which it was agreed to frank *Jack Junior*. Accordingly they set out the next Day to that universal Receptacle of the Rich, the Wretched, the Gay, the  
Ridiculous,

Ridiculous, the Sick, the Dissatisfied, &c. &c. &c. Thus Fellow-crafts, wou'd I have you begin your *Proema*, when you have Occasion to mention this so celebrated a City.

You may also very wittily make Allusions from the Mind to the Body, and set forth how far the Distempers of both are analogous in the Company that crowd there, *viz.*

Ladies who won't allow their Limbs proper Exercise, and can't walk, 'cause 'tis vulgar; Rheumaticks.

Bloods and Bucks, who drink for Fame; compound Fractures in the Cranium; old Men that keep—incurable scandal Club—Jaundic'd.

Married Folks who love all the World, but one another—Lunatics.

Thus we may go on, for forty or fifty Pages together; but it's not proper for me, because I am compiling a History of *Bath*; yet not as to it's Antiquity, but its modern State. Not a physical Account of its Springs, but a Narration of the Effects that have sprung from them.

*The* CHAPTER of PARTY RIOTS.

WOULD it not be injudicious, oh Reader, if three such Particularities as the Squire, Miss *Mask*, and *Jack Junior*, were to be hurried to *Bath*, without meeting something extraordinary in their Journey.

Something extraordinary they did meet with; what it was, impartially shall be related.

As they were amusing themselves out of the Inn Window, before Dinner, by making some Alms-women scramble for Half-pence, a Drummer (attended by a Mob, all like Bees swarming to the Sound) came by, dress'd partly in the Harlequin Manner; who, after bowing to the Window, where the good Company sat, bawled out.

“ By an artificial Company of Come-  
 “ dians, at the *Thatch'd Theatre*, vul-  
 “ garly call'd the *Old Barn*, next Door  
 “ to the *Hog in Armour*; this present  
 “ Evening will be perform'd, the *De-*  
 “ *luge of the World*; with the comical  
 “ and diverting Humours of *Punch* and  
 “ his Wife *Joan*, in *Noah's Ark*; also  
 “ the notified *Hare* from *Constantinople*,  
 “ the

“ the timberfom Admiral in the whole  
 “ World, yet beats a Drum, to the  
 “ Satisfaction of all the Nobility and  
 “ Gentry.”

The Landlord inform'd their Honours,  
 they might see high Fun, if they pleas'd,  
 for there was to be a Riot at the Show  
 that Night.

Miss *Mask* eagerly cry'd out, *Then  
 we'll stay: Let me dye if I don't doat upon a  
 theatrical Riot, don't you, Jack Junior.*

*Junior.*

Yes, I like them in *London* well  
 enough.

*Landlord.*

Nay, for that Matter, fveral People  
 who are Judges, fay, that Things are  
 done as well here, in the Way of Acting,  
 or Rioting either, as in *London*; for  
 all it is but a Puppet-show. For thefe  
 wooden Players have fomebody to fpeak  
 for them, and the live Actors have  
 fomebody to write for them, and fo it's  
 all a Cafe your Honours know.

*Singleten.*

Pray Landlord tell us what this Riot's  
 to be about; we'll lend them a Hand, only  
 tell us of which Side we fhall be, for that  
 is our way in *London*; our Toast-mafter  
 tells us our Side, and then we fall a Riot-  
 ing accordingly?

*Miss.*



*Miss.*

Lord what signifies minding Sides, if there is but a Riot.

*Singleton.*

Nay *Sall*, you must pardon me in that ; for tho' I may say without Vanity, I have been as much concern'd in kicking up Riots as any Man in *England*, that's a Gentleman ; yet, upon my Honour, I never made a Noise but 'twas in Taste. For you must know Landlord, to be in Taste, or not to be in Taste, that's the Question.—It's our Party's Maxim, or Motto, as I may say ; yet the Thing has been so near before now, that we have been forc'd sometimes to toss up Heads or Tails, whether we shou'd, or shou'd not make a Dust.

*Landlord.*

Ay, Sir, your Honour's a Gentleman of Wit to be sure : you must know, Sir, the Case is this ; *John Audley*, who is Master of this Company, agreed with a Carpenter here, for a Set of new Heads for his Actors, all but for King *Pepin* ; now, Sir, we all love King *Pepin* in the Parish, for he is a Town-born Child, as one may say. He was made out of a Beach Tree, that grew at my Door, Sir ; so we are going to Night to insist upon  
King

King *Pepin's* coming on, Head or no Head.

*Miss.*

Dear Squire, let's have him on without his Head ; I dye to see your Actors in *London*, when they have no Heads.

*Landlady.*

And then, and please your Honour, Madam, there's the *Blackamoor* Lady, he won't give her a new Pair of Castanets, so she an't to dance this Season.

*Miss.*

But she shall tho', and play too, that I insist on.—She immediately order'd the Squire's Man to run to the Barn, to bespeak *Fair Rosamond*, for the *Blackamoor* Lady to appear in that Character, and took Tickets accordingly.

The House fill'd very fast, and the Audience shouted for King *Pepin* ; the Master show'd the Court in Wax-work. No, no, King *Pepin*.—He sent on the little jolly Sailor ; no, King *Pepin*.—At last down flounc'd *Punch*, the Favourite of every Audience ; and after he had squeak'd two or three Notes, by way of putting his oratorical Pipes in Tune, he begg'd Pardon for his Boldness ; but told them, *Tho' they were Gentlemen and Ladies, they ought to be asham'd of themselves, to behave as bad at a Country Puppet-*  
K
*show,*

*show, as if they were in a London Play-house; for a Puppet-show is the Original of all Shows.*

*Pray where was the first Pantomime acted, but in a Puppet-show?—And here, you Mr. Pickle Herring,—show your Shapes, and make a Bow.—This Man's great, great Grandfather, was the first Harlequin.*

*Was it not from me, that all your foreign comic Dancers got their Attitudes; and is there not more Sense in one Puppet-show, than twenty Italian Operas.*

Very true indeed; Mr. Punch, reply'd a Voice out of the Pit, and instantly uprose an aldermanic Figure, tottering; and clamber'd upon one of the Benches, which were only Bits of Deals, laid on old Chairs, and empty Butter-firkins.

He bow'd his bushy Bob; cough'd, spit, and began; “ Ladies, and Gentle-  
 “ men, I wou'd not offer to speak before  
 “ so select a Company as this, had I not  
 “ been honour'd in *London*, with At-  
 “ tention; not only at the *Robin Hood*,  
 “ but Mr. *Macklin's* that was; but also  
 “ at several Club-meetings, where the  
 “ Good of my Country has been more  
 “ immediately concern'd.

“ Therefore I beg Leave to second  
 “ Mr. *Punch*;—and with him, I say,  
 “ it's

“ it’s a Shame you shou’d behave as bad  
 “ here, as in Town.—You are all here  
 “ up in Arms,—about Heads, or no  
 “ Heads;—just so it is in *London*. But  
 “ I think it’s a Shame the Govern-  
 “ ment shou’d make so many Enquiries  
 “ about how People behave Abroad,  
 “ and never examine their manner of  
 “ Acting at Home.

“ As for me, Gentlemen, I am a  
 “ Taylor, and I have bred up my Son to  
 “ my own Business; for I am not one of  
 “ those Fathers, who woud’n’t have their  
 “ Children take after their Parents Mea-  
 “ sures. No, my Son is a Taylor, and  
 “ I hope his Son’s Sons will be the  
 “ same, that the Trade may be pre-  
 “ serv’d by a Remnant of our Family.  
 “ But the Case is this: My Son has  
 “ work’d Night and Day to finish a  
 “ Suit (for a great, what do you call  
 “ um, Actor) expecting to get much  
 “ Reputation; the Cloaths being to be  
 “ looked at by so many People, in the  
 “ Boxes and Pit; for to be well dress’d  
 “ is half the Battle, and the Audience  
 “ will naturally ask, who made that  
 “ Suit?—But all on a sudden, Mr.  
 “ what’s his Name won’t play, and so  
 “ the Town’s disappointed of seeing a  
 “ fine Dress.

“ But as the Ministry has guarded  
 “ against unlawful Combinations, or  
 “ refusing to work, among People of  
 “ our Business ; why may not Players  
 “ be laid under the same Law ? Sure the  
 “ Parliament have as much Right to cut  
 “ out for the Theatre, as the Shop-  
 “ board.

“ If this was settled in *London*, it  
 “ wou’d soon become a Fashion in the  
 “ Country ; and as Mr. *Punch* observes,  
 “ since the Theatres have copied several  
 “ of their Entertainments from his  
 “ Puppet-show, it won’t be any Disgrace  
 “ to Mr. *Punch*, to take one Fashion  
 “ from the Play-house.”

Miss *Mask*, tired with his Harangue,  
 that Instant hit him in the Forehead  
 with half an Orange ; the Fright made  
 him reel, and not being solidly sup-  
 ported, he fell down on a *London* Rider’s  
 Head, who had lean’d forwards to sa-  
 lute a young Woman on the Bench be-  
 fore him.

The Gallant’s Face came flat against  
 the Girl’s Stomach ; down she fell be-  
 tween the Seats, almost breathless, un-  
 derneath Mr. *Twist* the Orator.

Her fellow Sufferer rose up all Fury,  
 his Nose bloody, and bruis’d, and be-  
 gan to exercise his Horsewhip very  
 smartly

smartly on the Taylor's Back and Sides, as that poor Man lay stretch'd out, upon the Female he had tumbled down; she, at the same Time, biting, scratching, and throttling him.

Thus it is recorded, the Tunny and Sword-fish attack the Whale.

Miss *Mask* had heard there were half a Score Recruits drinking at the next Door; to them she sent five Shillings, and Instructions for their Behaviour; and just as the People began to call again for King *Pepin*, these young Soldiers run upon the Stage; crying out, King *George* for ever, and no *Jacobites*, nor King *Pepin's* neither..

This affronted the Pit People, and they began to pelt the military Folks.

The Recruits, not having any Weapons, seiz'd the Puppets, and volley'd them among the Audience.

The Emperor of *Morocco* gave Mr. Alderman a black Eye; his Lady caught the *London* Prentice in her Arms, and Miss *Mask* run away with the Pair of Lions; an elderly Gentleman had his Lip cut by *Susannah*; and the *Devil* settled round an Attorney's Neck; *Punch* knock'd down the Publican; *Whittington's* Cat hung on his Worship's Wig; *St. George* and the Dragon flew into the



Three-penny Seats, and the Boys and Girls pull'd them to Pieces ; the Manager stepp'd in, to prevent his Company's Ruin, but head-wanting King *Pepin* laid him sprawling ; the Constable was call'd, but Captain *Mackbeath* met him at the Door, and sent him souze back into the Street again ; and to make all sure, a *Welchman* list'd for a Grenadier ; boney, tall, choleric, and in Liquor, seiz'd *Alexander* the Great by the Leg ; and *Jobson* the Cocker by the Arm, and whirling them round his Head, cleared the House immediately.

Mr. *Singleton* very generously paid all Damages, and *Junior* and he returned to their Inn full of Spirits, with the high Fun they had had.

Mr. *Singleton's* Lady had been at Home for some Time, with the Showman's Merry Andrew, whom she took with her to the Inn for a Safeguard, and insisted he shou'd stay with her till the Gentlemen return'd, lest any rude Fellow should insult her.

*The* CHAPTER of INTRIGUE.

**A**S soon as Miss *Mask* arriv'd at *Bath*, she examined her Landlady about the rest of the Lodgers;—who reply'd,—“ That altho' her House  
“ stood as well as any on the Parade,  
“ yet, except her Ladyship, and her Ladyship's Honour, and the Gentleman,  
“ his Honour's Friend, she had as yet no  
“ body but Mr. *Israel*, a *Dutch Jew*  
“ Gentleman; he was a vastly good  
“ Lodger to be sure, for he had a Power  
“ of Guineas, and did not grudge  
“ them;—not but I don't believe,  
“ Madam, his Money does one so much  
“ good as a Christian's.”

The Squire's Lady, to whom all Religions were alike, set him down, and seal'd him for her own,—but it was almost too late;—all his Corn, Wine, and Oil, was consign'd to the celebrated *Batilda*.

*Batilda*, and *Matilda*, were Daughters to Mr. *Engross*, the Money Scrivener, who left each of them a thousand Pounds, which was improv'd in the News Papers, by their paying for the Paragraph, into twenty Thousand. Af-

ter his Decease, they liv'd for a Twelve-month, equal in Appearance to what they were reported to be, but when they had exhausted half their Cash, in this Husband-hunting Scheme,——*Batilda*, whose Constitution was the most sanguine, surrender'd at Discretion, to a very handsome Settlement, made her by a *Dutch Merchant*.

*Matilda*, whose Views were of a more noble Kind, and who expected to have gain'd a Coronet by Wedlock, was unluckily deceiv'd, by a Journeyman Hair-cutter. The Shock had so much impair'd her Health, that it induced her Sister to undertake a Journey to *Bath* in Hopes to restore her.

*Batilda's* Figure was majestic, her Eyes black, large, and sensibly sparkling; and on her Cheeks, the Rosy Goddess of Health sat blushing; the Elegance of her Appearance animated *Mr. Israel*, and from beneath a Pair of long, dark, bristly Eyelashes, Rhinoceros like, he sidelong gloted at her, displaying, at the same time, on his little Finger, a large Brilliant of the first Water. The Diamond's Lustre play'd in her View, she wish'd to be Mistress of it; reflecting how fine it wou'd look, pendent on her Neck, at the Bottom of a  
Soli.

Solitaire; she knew also there was no Time to be trifled away, as she expected her Merchant down in a Week; and as at *Bath* such Things are common, *Ben Israel* visited her that Afternoon.

She sat to receive him, in a convenient Dishabille;—a Dress, that is so often, and so elaborately described by several Pen-women, when they talk of Chintz Wrappers, and Love-accommodating Settees.—Not that *Batilda* admired Mr. *Israel*:—No, she detested the Wretch; but when the Fair, the experienc'd Fair, wou'd raise the Lover's Wishes up to their Price, they always make use of suitable Decorations.

Up-stairs stamp'd the impatient *Israelite*, and ungracefully enter'd the Room; (and, as you may have seen in Family Portraits, the Damsel in flowing Ringlets, and loosely folded Drapery) *Batilda* received him; her Elbow resting on a Card Table, and her right Hand twirling a Tetotum.

With a becoming Surprize she begg'd he wou'd be seated; but, in an Excess of Gallantry, he threw himself at her Feet, seiz'd her Hand, and, Tartar like, seem'd to devour it: Then eagerly in Extacy attempting her Lips, as the Breast of his Coat and Waistcoat, was

loaded with Snuff, the pungent Grains fell on her Face, and threw her into a violent Fit of Coughing. She soon recovered, and rung the Bell for the Tea Things : After which, Mr. *Ben Israel*, in broken *English*, uncorking his Mouth, thus pour'd forth.

Madam, I ave not Fords enuff to tell to you ow mush I am your Zerfant, by myne Zole.

*Batilda* bowed, gracefully arching her delicate Neck (and proved by that Motion Mr. *Hogarth's* Line of Beauty) saying, I once, Sir, flatter'd myself, no Man wou'd have dar'd to attempt the Liberty I have (I don't know how) suffered you to take—but there's no accounting for Inclination——Despise me not, I beg of you, Sir, if I confess, when I saw you first on the Parade, that there was something about you prejudiced me very much in your Favour. I am conscious, I hope so at least, that you are a Man of Honour, and believe you will do every Thing becoming that Character to deserve a Lady.

Mine Zo-o-o-le stammer'd out the much agitated *Hebrew*—Command my Life, what Zall I do—tell to me, 'tis you can make me happy, *Glorioso*. If 'tis in my Power you shall be so too.

Oh!

Oh! Oh!—Thus all Men say, reply'd the well-acting *Batilda*; but when Possession has once ensured the Prize, what then becomes of the Lady; for what is the insubstantial Security of a Man's Promise, made (like some Glasses used by Chymists) on Purpose to be broke.

*Israel.*

*If Money, Madam, can make you appy.  
Batilda.*

No, Sir, that I despise; let those Wretches that sell themselves for pitiful Wealth worship it. I detest all Mercenary Imaginations; Pleasure is my Wish, and to please myself, all my Occupation.—If I cou'd (and I hope I shall) once wean myself from Cards, I cou'd justly lay my Hand at my Heart, and say, I have nothing now to disturb me. You must know, Sir, I was married very young, to Lord *Sellwood's* eldest Son; I expected, at least out of Gratitude, he wou'd behave to me with the Complaisance to my Sex; but the Narrowness of his Heart, made him endeavour to restrain me in what, by Marriage Articles, I am authoriz'd to receive.

By the Advice of my Friends, I left him; and, in Revenge, he has thrown my Jointer into Chancery, and every 50 l. I must be accountable to my Sol-



licitor for; and then my doating on Quadrille—and such Luck—wou'd you believe it, Sir, but last Night, I lost two fans Prendres in less than a Hour—I don't say this, to show that losing makes me discontented; I'm vapour'd a Moment—no more—but here's my Physician;—upon which, she touch'd her Harpsicord, and sung, *by dimpled Brook, &c.*

After she had ended her Song, and Mr. *Ben Israel* had recover'd himself, from his rapturous Astonishment, he started up, begg'd her Pardon for a Moment, and presently return'd; laying upon the Table two Bank Bills of a 100 l. each, with which he insisted she shou'd defray her Play Expences; which, at first, she utterly refused; but, on his swearing bitterly, they shou'd be tore into ten thousand Pieces, before her Face, if she did not, she was compell'd to suffer him to force her, to lock them up in her Bureau. After so unexampled a Piece of Generosity, she admitted him to the Freedom of a Salute; and even bore it without Coughing.

What else happen'd at this Interview is not to be known; for the two next Pages have had Ink thrown, or spilt over them; so there is not a Sentence in them legible, only at the Bottom of the last Leaf,

Leaf, the words *Ben Israel* are to be made out.

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*The* CHAPTER PLATONIC.

*The following Page begins with—*

**I**T was late that Evening before he took his Leave of *Batilda* ; who then returned to her Bureau, to confine the valuable Brilliant, in the same Custody, where the two Bank Bills, three or four Hours ago, had been deposited,

Thus was the eldest Sister engaged on *Junior's* arrival. The youngest Sister *Matilda* had just then made an extraordinary Conquest. Her Figure, tho' small, was of perfect Symmetry. White as the Daisy was her Skin, blue as the Violet her Eyes, a settled Languish was spread on her Face, which awaken'd the tenderest Sensations in her Admirers.

The Delicacy of her Form, and her languid Air, made an indelible Impression on the soft, the Feminine-like Figure of Sir *Paily Tinsy*, from the *West Indies* ; he look'd like his Sugar Canes, tall, thin, shining, and fallow.

Such

Such a Parity in Complexion begat a Sympathy, a—or a Desire—or a—they wish'd to be acquainted, and luckily meeting at a Milliner's, an Appointment was made, and they drank Tea in Mrs. \* \* \* first Floor.

Sir *Paily*, at that Interview, discover'd the most pure, the most perfect, and most innocent Passion: He play'd with her Locks, as they curl'd in her Neck; combed them out twenty Times, saluted the Tips of her Fingers, knelt down, and adored her Feet; and made her a Present of a new Receipt to make cold Cream.

*Matilda* was overjoy'd at so tender, so delicate a Lover; and instantly made him her Platonic: He too was in Raptures, to find a Lady, who, like him, despis'd the rude Concatenation of coarse masculine Embraces.

As Sir *Paily* took his Leave, he presented her with an extreme neat Pair of Tablets; out of which, as she opened them, dropp'd a Paper. She snatch'd it up, expecting to see, on the Top, *upon Sight*; — or, *I promise to pay*; but when she read an Address to the too lovely *Matilda*, on her drinking the Waters, she smiled, bit her Lip, folded the Poetry up, like a Thread-paper; and,

and, without examining the Merit of the Verses, toss'd them into the Fire; call'd for a Chair, and at her Sister's she met *Junior*, who was come to pay *Batilda* his first Visit.

*Junior* had been long acquainted with the Sister Heroins. And after *Matilda* had related the Reception she met with from Sir *Tinsy*, they laid a Scheme against the Knight (just for a Laugh) which they put in Practice next Day.

Sir *Paily*, according to Appointment, was seated on a Couch, with *Matilda*; and had just unfolded his strong-scented Cambric Handkerchief; which he put round the Lady's Neck, fearing, as he observed to her, she might catch Cold, since he saw she had only a Sattin Wrapper on; and the Wind was so high, out of Doors, it might blow in, through the Crevices of the Sashes, upon the Pit of her Stomach. Just then *Batilda* came running up Stairs, out of Breath; and, opening the Door, cry'd out affrigh'd, Oh, *Matty, Matty*, we are ruin'd, here's my Brother.—That very Moment in-rush'd *Junior*, with his drawn Sword, and down with a Shriek sunk *Matilda*.

Sir *Paily* dropp'd as instantaneously; the sudden Blaze of the Sword Blade  
fright-

frightened him into a real Fit, and he fainted on the Floor; as a Lilly bows his Head to the Earth, puffed down by a Gust of Wind.

*Junior* hurried away *Matilda*; but it was above an Hour before the other Sister cou'd bring the Baronet to himself, or persuade him he was not hurt: He begg'd to be convey'd Home with Safety; and that *Batilda* wou'd escort him. His Fright was so great, he never once enquired after *Matilda*, till he was safe in his own Bed.

Then *Batilda* told him, their Brother was a Sea Officer, of a very revengeful Disposition; and exaggerated, or indeed invented such Stories of his Behaviour, that Sir *Paily*, to make Friends with *Matilda's* Family, and preserve his own Life, executed a Deed of Gift, wherein he made his whole *Yorkshire* Estate, left him by his elder Brother, chargeable with an Annuity of 200 l. *per Annum* to Miss *Matilda*; and made her Sister a Present of a fine Service of Plate; and was then convey'd out of Town, in a Horse Litter.

## The CHAPTER of DISSIMULATION.

**D**URING the Performance of this Farce, Mr. *Singleten* and Miss were employ'd in the usual Avocations of *Bath*. They had been every where, and seen every Body, and done every Thing, that every Body does there. And now Miss *Mask* thought it was Time for her to begin the Intrigue with the *Jew* Gentleman; to compleat which, *Jack Junior* was to assist her.

*Junior's* Regard for the two Sisters was superior to any he had for Miss *Mask*; therefore he resolv'd *Batilda* should not be supplanted in her Lover; and yet being determin'd to punish Mr. *Israel*, for his Infidelity, he laid his Scheme accordingly.

But as that took up some Time, and we have more of the *Dramatis Personæ* to observe, we shall, like the Magic of the Prompter's Whistle, change the Scene to *Batilda's* Lodgings; where you may see the two Sisters at Breakfast together.

*Batilda.*

No, Sister, you Mistake, I say that *Junior's* refusing to accept of our Present,



sent, shews him to be a very generous-spirited Fellow, and that it is a praise-worthy Action, but not an Action worthy Imitation.

*Matilda.*

Dear Sister, why so?

*Batilda.*

It is the greatest Curse, next to being witty, or beautiful : To be Ingenuous, Disinterested, or Friendly, they are Perfections which are sure to bring Destruction upon their Owners ; fine feather'd Birds become a Prey to every Poacher, but Crows fatten unmolested.

*Matilda.*

I don't know what to say to your Argument, Sister ; but this I am sure of, if my Antipathy to Men was not so firmly fixed.—Heigho,—I do doat upon a generous Action.

*Batilda.*

Why so do I Child,—but we are to live in the World, and Disinterestedness won't pay Turnpikes. This Affair of your Settlement, in the strict Eyes of Honour, is not quite so clear as I cou'd wish it. But what then ? 'tis now well over, and your 200*l.* a Year will admit you into Families, that wou'd not have given you an under Petticoat to cover your Disinterestedness. As to me now, there's  
this

this *Jew* Wretch; I despise him to be sure; but if I had told him so, twou'd have been Truth indeed, and I 500 Guineas the worse for it.

*Matilda.*

Indeed, Sister, I am not against your making all you can of the Men, for they don't mind what they make of us. But I wonder how you can be so civil to this Creature that you hate so.

*Batilda.*

My dear, if an Actress cou'd not look her Parts, she wou'd never deserve a large Salary. As to Players,—our Sex are born so, Dissimulation is our Wardrobe.——Besides, what do I do?—only wear a visiting Day's Face, the Complexion of Ceremony, that's all. I wou'd not be his Wife for the Wealth of the whole *Hebrew* Nation,—but—

*Matilda.*

Ay, my dear Sister,—but, to go to bed to him!

*Batilda.*

It is his Money, my dear Delicacy, that I embrace, not him;—him!—The Wretch looks in his Love Raptures, like a Baboon in an Ague Fit.—Let me but secure a sufficient Dependency, and I'll live as virtuous as *Penelope*; that is, I'll keep up the Appearance of it.—And  
you

you know, my dear *Matilda*, Appearance is the best Dress that ever was wore by the Sons and Daughters of *Adam*.

At that Instant, they heard a rustling up the Stairs, and in a Moment back swung the Brass-lock'd Door. Miss *Demirep* enter'd, all Spirits,—all Air,—all,—all,—all every Thing; saying, as she threw herself on the Settee; “ Dear “ Creatures, I am vastly pleas'd to see “ you; oh! I have such a History to “ tell you; you'll die.—I have had such “ a Lover, in *London*.—Well, but how “ does *Bath* agree with *Matilda*? And “ all that; and who, and whose here? And how does all the World? and every body in it.

*Batilda.*

Dear *Demirep*, we are happy indeed, now you are here; but pray how long has *Bath* been bless'd with your Presence.

*Demirep.*

This Moment only: I met *Junior*, he told me where you liv'd; so I order'd my Chaise to drive up to your Door, and sent my Woman Home in it, to get my Lodgings ready.

*Matilda.*

Well, but Miss *Demirep*, your *London* Lover?

*Demirep.*

*Demirep.*

Stay, let me drink my Chocolate;—such a Wretch!—Well, I'll put a Monkey into Man's Apparel next Winter, and send him a Fortune-hunting; for there is now about Town, such a parcel of frivolous, ogling, starving, frightful Fellows, who think to win Women by the Rattlesnake Charm, of staring at 'em.

*Batilda.*

Well, but your Lover?

*Demirep.*

Oh! I am sick at the Thought on't; such a Fright!—But to begin;—now wou'd I give more than I'll mention, if I cou'd but make a proper Preamble to this my Adventure; I wou'd embellish it, with *Aurora*, and *Flora*, and all the pretty Words of *Parnassus*.—But Patience,—I must begin coldly, like a Newspaper Paragraph.

About a Month ago, I was with Lady *Beltre*, in the Stage Box, at *Garrick's*, to see him do *Benedict*;—I doat upon his *Benedict*.—After the first Act was over, Lady *Kitty* twitch'd me by the Sleeve, and begg'd me just to give a Glance at a Figure in the Pit, close under us, who had been ogling me for the last ten Minutes. I star'd at the Wretch; but as soon as he saw me observe him, he gave  
such

such a Look, I have been sick of all Eye-language ever since. Such a Languish, as if somebody was treading upon his Feet, and he was fainting away with the Agony. Then he seem'd to sigh, and simper'd, and bow'd. I ask'd *Kitty*, if she did not think he was a Lunatic: She begg'd I wou'd carry it on a little; you know what an enticing Devil she is, as there's no denying her any Thing.—Therefore, as *Mr. Bays* says, I gave him Flash for Flash; that, by the Time the Curtain dropp'd, we had look'd ourselves into a very intimate Conversation.

Between Play and Entertainment, he was mounted upon the Pit Seats, that I might have a full View of his Person; and such a Person!—I cou'd compare him to nothing but a Boy Jockey, who had been violently wasting himself; he look'd so small, and so fallow, as fit for a Lover, as I am to make a Chairman.

He was dress'd, tasteless and tawdry; somewhat between Footman and Fop; a little Cuff to his Coat, trimm'd with a little Edging; a little Cape to his Waistcoat, his Waistcoat just reaching to his Watch String.

Just as I was settled in my Chair, I saw the Thing again, bowing to the Glasses. He look'd so pale, and so pitiful,

tiful, had I not seen him before, I shou'd have taken him for somebody asking Charity.

Lady *Beltre* supp'd with me that Night, and we chatted above an Hour, about the Audacity of those Breeches Wearers, who assume to themselves the Name of Intriguers.

She vow'd, this Conquest of mine was worth twenty Plays; that he look'd too tender to be inconstant; hoped the Affair wou'd last till *Scarborough* Season; and then it shou'd be fairly copied out, and sent to one of the Circulating Library Shops; and it wou'd make a very pretty Book; and it shou'd be called *The Cobweb; or, Love in a Wink; or, some other Curiosity-raising Title.*

Next Morning she called on me, to go to *Langford's*; and as she stood at the Sash, cry'd out, "*Behold, my Lord, look where it comes again;*" and, indeed, on the opposite Pavement, stood the Ogler.—The next Day it came again, I did not care to joke any longer with the poor Devil. But she conjured me to give her Leave a little; for if such Insolence was not curbed, she said, we shou'd shortly have every City Prentice come into *St. James's* Parish, serenading:



As I flung up the Sash, the Wretch attempted to make me a Bow, but fell over the Chairmens Poles; and I was obliged to leave the Window, that he might not discover my Laughing.

That wicked Devil, Lady *Kitty*, made him an Appointment, under *Bedford-house Wall*, that Night at Twelve: We went to *Kesk's* Rout; and, returning about Four, *Beltre* begged me to drive round the Square, as it had been a terrible Night; only to see what Sort of a Figure a drench'd Lover was, when alive.

The Watchman told us, the Gentleman was just gone off his Post, to dry himself; we left Word for him, not to catch Cold, and be there that Night Se'nnight, at the same Hour—but he came no more.—*His Courage was cool'd*—and I wou'd advise all Ladies, who are teiz'd by Impertinents, to prescribe to their Tormentors—a cold Night, and a soaking Shower; it will damp all such Animals Desires.

Just then *Batilda* received a Card from her *Hambro'* Merchant; and as she put on her Gloves, conjur'd Miss *Demirep*, for the Honour of her Sex, to bestow a little Time and Pains (till she return'd)  
on

on her heretical Sister, who was absolutely a Man Hater. [*Exit Batilda.*]

*Demirep*, after looking some Moments at *Matilda*, reply'd, well, I have seen many Wonders in my Time, but did not think *Bath* cou'd have furnish'd such a Curiosity.

*Matilda.*

Why really, Madam. I have met with such Things, such surprizing Things, among them, that they are my Aversion.

*Demirep.*

Indeed!——and yet we are seldom at Enmity with them, for any Thing they have surprizing.——You'll excuse me, my Dear——I do know something of the Creatures, to be sure; I can't say I absolutely hate them,—yet they are not to be worshipp'd neither, nor made Idols of.

*Matilda.*

No, nor Husbands.

*Demirep.*

I detest the very Sound of Husband—Matrimony, my Dear, is an Inquisition; and every wedding Ceremony, as bad as an *Auto de Fe*. We may say of Men, what the old Proverb says of Fire and Water; they are very good Servants, but very bad Masters.

My whimsical Papa, like a great ma-

L

ny

ny odd Mortals, liv'd miserable to die rich. I was his only Child; he made me his sole Heirefs, and left me a very large Fortune; but with this Provifo, that I fhould marry no Perfon, except a Nobleman, or a Member of Parliament, under no lefs Penalty, than the Forfeiture of all he had left me.

When I heard that Claufe read I was piqued; and tho' there are feveral Noblemen worthy any of our Sex's Love, and many Gentlemen among the Commons, I cou'd have been vastly happy with;—but to be forc'd into Marriage, and at Age too——no——Love makes a very pretty Figure in Volunteer Regimentals.——But to be prefs'd into the Service, *Venus* forbid.—I protefted againft it, in my Heart, and resolv'd my Actions fhould correspond.——Yet I was resolv'd not to bloffom upon the Earth, like a Field Flower,—fo I fet up a System of my own.

I look upon this Life as a fine Feaft, Mankind making the beft Part of the Entertainment; and I am resolv'd to help myfelf, where I like beft. Since I was my own Miftrefs, this I have done;——this I will do;——but nothing upon Compulfion *Hal*.——I have been happy enough, but never fo violently in Love, as to hide my Garters,

or think of Opium; a little Mark upon my Heart sometimes, like the Scratch of a Pin, but I always danc'd it off again.

*Matilda.*

Now that to me is wonderful; I think it impossible to prevent Love from encreasing.

*Demirep.*

You are vastly right, my Dear, as to Speculation; but like other very wise Folks, you err a little as to Practice; not that we are such philosophical Heroins, to be able to resist this termagant Passion; no, 'tis our Lovers themselves that cure us. I have indeed, before now, been in Danger of being very far gone in Fondness; but, Thanks to my Gentleman's Behaviour, the Squawl has blown over.

*Matilda*

Pray, my Dear *Demirep*, explain.

*Demirep.*

O Child, a Man before he's too much favour'd, shall appear so amiable,—such Sense, such Spirits, and such Tendernefs, that you can't help thinking him the most engaging Animal existing; and taking him to your Arms, before either your Monkey, Parrot, or Squirrel. But like other Animals, he grows rude and disgustful. 'Tis true, indeed, he won't

pull your Ear-rings about, squall till your Head ache, or tear your Tucker; but he'll—in short, Love is full of Impertinence and Contradictions; and as some Poet says, there's no living with it, or without it.

*A Servant then enter'd, and whispered Matilda.*

As she was going to beg Miss *Demi-rep* to go on, her Sister returned; both the Ladies were surpris'd at her coming back so soon; and, as she seem'd a little fluster'd, begg'd to know what was the Matter.

*Batilda.*

Matter! Why I have left my Merchant and *Jew* together, staring like two Country Louts at a Coronation;—the Duce take all Men.—

*Demirep.*

Make no rash Promises, Child; tell us the Matter; come be brief, unfold.

*Matilda.*

Dear Sister, *John* is just come up, to tell us Dinner's on the Table, if your last Adventure does not depend upon an instantaneous relating. Tho' I know 'tis against all Rules of Romance to mind Eating, when the distressed

strefs'd Damsel is going to relate her Sorrows. But what say ye Ladies? The Story won't cool, the Meat may.

*Batilda.*

Nay, I am not so far gone in Sighing, to lose my Dinner, I assure you. I have been a little out of Luck this Morning, that's all. *Life is Cbequer'd.* [Sings.] Away they went, and with the Reader's Leave, we'll say much Good may it do them,—and so conclude the Chapter.

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## *The* CHAPTER of GHOSTS.

**A**LTHO' *Batilda* had not Time to relate the Accident that discompos'd her; we having little else to do, shall inform the Reader, that her *Dutch* Merchant, as he stepp'd out of his Post-chariot, at the *Christophers*, met Mr. *Israel*; they were Intimates on Change, therefore resolv'd not to be Strangers at *Bath*, and a Bottle of Hock was call'd for, to cement their Acquaintance.

Over their Wine, according to Custom, they began to mention the Feats of Love they had perform'd, and the



fine Women they had enjoy'd ; and each, alternately, boasted of possessing the Beauty of *Bath*. This brought on a Wager in Taste, and each was to produce his Lady. They cut a Card who should show first ; Mr. *Israel* won ; upon which Mynheer *Vander Doit* had dispatch'd the Billet to *Batilda*, as aforesaid : But judge what the Lady's Surprize must be, to see her Gallants together. But—Beauty, is not more the Ladies Property, than Presence of Mind.—She address'd herself immediately to Mynheer, thus : Sir, I am surpriz'd, after not hearing from you for four Posts, you shou'd so abruptly send for me, without previous Notice ; and an Accident has happen'd to me here, as I wrote you word to *London*,—but receiv'd no Answer ; which reduc'd me to such Straights, that if it had not been for this Gentleman, (*pointing to Mr. Israel*) I don't know how I cou'd either have staid here, or left the Place with Honour :—But I am conscious, nay convinc'd, that your pretended Regard for me is Selfishness ; for contrary to your Promise, you have expos'd our Intimacy, to this Gentleman : But when once a Man forfeits his Honour with me,—I shall acknowledge him no more to be my Friend.—Then  
with

with a becoming Haughtiness, turn'd herself round, and slapp'd the Door after her, with such a Force, that made the Sashes rattle in their Frames. After she was gone, for some Moments, the Brace of Rivals stood staring at each other. Mr. *Israel*, with a Shrug, arming both his Nostrils with Rappee; and Mynheer at the same Time drinking off a Tumbler of Wine.—Then,—O *Mars, Bellona*, with *Moloch Carthaginian* Babe-burner—attend, teach me to paint what Mischief might have happen'd.

Mr. *Junior* was in the next Room, waiting with Impatience to hear how the Affair wou'd finish: When, much to his Surprize, it terminated in a very friendly Charter-party, without a Blow struck, or an ill Word given.

For it happen'd, Indigo at that Time was rising, and Mr. *Ben Israel* had 300 Barrels by him. This Mynheer knew,—therefore came to the following Compromise. They were to go equal Sharers in the Indigo, and Mr. *Israel* was to have  $\frac{1}{4}$  of *Batilda*.

As soon as *Junior* heard the Agreement, he hasten'd to the Sisters Apartment, to acquaint them with it; then told them Miss *Mask's* Design on the

*Jew*, with the Scheme he had laid to destroy the Intrigue.

In less than an Hour after, *Batilda* receiv'd a very pressing Billet from *Mynheer*, with a very handsome Apology, viz. a Draught for fifty Pounds: She honour'd the Bill, and had a Chair call'd instantly.

The Sun next Morning had been sometime settled in his Coach-box;—but we have had Sun enough,—at least, I don't find many People mind it now-a-Days, except Butter-factors, Poets, and Hay-makers, —— we shall say no more about it; but come to that remarkable Evening, when *Miss Mask*, and *Mr. Israel*, met at the Lodging *Junior* provided for them.

Just as the Disciple of *Aaron* flopp'd into Bed,—and the Lady with circling Arms;——that very Instant, Squire *Singleten* loudly thunder'd at the Door,——sweating and threatning,—the frightened Gallant, tumbled out of Bed, as the Door was burst open, and scrambled up another Pair of Stairs, in his Shirt, which led into a Garret; the Door of which he bolted after him, and then made his Way very nimbly out upon the Leads; such Agility is bestow'd by Fear. The Squire  
flew

flew after him, and the Lady leap'd out of Bed, when the Rivals left the Room; bolted the Door they had hurried out of, and then examined Mr. *Israel's* wearing Apparel. After she had serv'd herself, with what Part of the Spoil she thought proper, went Home, as easy, as if she was but just come from the Pump-room.

But Mr. *Singleten* bawl'd himself hoarse, before he cou'd be releas'd; for Mr. *Israel* had bolted him out, and Miss lock'd him in; so that he was immur'd, upon a dark Stair-case, till *Junior*, with *Matilda*, who came by *accidentally*, deliver'd him from his Confinement.

Along the Gutter of the Leads, the affrighted *Hebrew* kept crawling, till a friendly Casement, that was open'd, seem'd to promise him a favourable Shelter: He crept in, and stood shivering, —afflicted with what the Physico-learned call a complex Trepidation,—an Ague Fit, and the Fear of Death.

Naked as he was, down he squatted on an old Trunk; the only Piece of Furniture belonging to the Room.

Now, as this happen'd to be *Sunday* Evening, there was a Rout in the first Floor of the House, where Mr. *Israel*

had secreted himself : And the Servants, who had most of them more Religion than their Betters, were in the Kitchen, talking about Witches, Apparitions, *Bett Canning*, and the Comet.

But my Lord's Butler, who had been making himself, and Friends merry, with his Master's *Madeira*, came in and unsettled all their Opinions. For as he set up for a very fine Gentleman, he consequently ridicul'd all Belief : Upon which *Ned*, my Lady *Languish*'s Footman, observ'd, that there was a Garret, in the very House they were then in, haunted ; and if Mr. *William*, and Sir *Thomas*'s Gentleman, and Lord *Robert*'s, wou'd go up with him, to be Witnesses he did fair, he'd lay the Butler a Dozen of Beer ;—that he wou'd carry up the Butler's Hat, and put it into an old Trunk, which stood in that Room, and leave a Candle burning by it, and that he, the Butler, did not go up by himself, and bring his Hat down again, for all his making so much Game about going to Church.

The Wager was accepted ; and just before Mr. *Israel* came in, the Hat had been hid in the Trunk, and the Candle left burning on the middle of the Floor ; and as the disappointed *Hebrew* had  
 seated



seated himself on the Trunk, up came the Butler to fetch his Hat. As he open'd the Door, he saw a Thing all in White. Struck with the Sight, he grasp'd the Door Edge fast with one Hand, and with the other cover'd his Eyes; saying, *In the Name of the Father, who,—who,—who are you? If there's any body in the Room, speak.* The Severity of the Night had put it out of the Power of *Ben Israel* to be articulate. Instead of replying, his Teeth only chatter'd in his Head.—*What! Do you gnash your Teeth at me, me, me, me?* Stutter'd out the Servant. *I never did any Harm in my Life. I never committed Murder.* The Jew advanc'd towards him; the Butler retreated backwards, and down Stairs he fell, rowling, roaring. Mr. *Israel*, barefoot, padding softly after him.

Into the Card-room burst the Butler; crying out, *The Devil, the Devil's a coming.* The Card Company started up all at once, and run to the Door; those behind, pressing upon the foremost, till the Landing-place was crowded with the very best Company.—But as soon as Mr. *Israel* stood in View; what shrieking, shrinking, hiding, and hurrying, to return into the Room: But the Door-way was wedg'd up by Sir



*Purisy Pimple*, who was running out, as *Sir Squelchy Squab* was rushing in; their Bellies meeting in Midway, they strove to squeeze by each other, but were fast fix'd, jamm'd like *Milos Fists* between the Timbers.

As the *Jew* descended lower, the Noise became greater: Helter-skelter hurried the affrighted Rout.—Mothers beat down their Daughters; Wives over-set their Husbands; Beaux broke their Shins over the Bannisters, and fine Ladies tumbled Topsy-turvy,—like *Quixote* amidst the Sheep, or like a Swimmer in a turbulent Sea, or like a Hare over Furze-bushes. So Mr. *Israel* scrambled, crawl'd, and clamber'd, till he found a fall'n Roquelau, which he wrapp'd himself about with, and secretly crept Home.

Just as Mr. *Fool* had read to this Line, Mr. *Mackendrock* enter'd his Apartment, and with much Apology, desir'd the Return of Mr. *Junior's* Adventures;—for that Gentleman had made up his Affairs, and the Manuscript was to be put into his Creditors Hands, as Part of their Security.

## C H A P. XXVII.

**A**N Act of Insolvency gave *Tom* his Discharge : Ragged as he was, he sat out for the Country, resolving to get Employment in Husbandry. But, poor Fellow, when he ask'd for Work, they enquired, where he came from ? When he told them ; they answered, they would have nothing to say to a Jail Bird ; and if he begg'd, he was threatened with the Whipping Post.

But as it happened to be Blackberry-time with them, and Spring Water in abundance (which few People deny'd him) he travelled three Days. On the fourth, he came up to an old grey-headed Man ; who was wringing his Hands, and crying bitterly. *Tom* very kindly enquired what was the Matter with him ? Upon which, as well as Tears would give him Leave, the poor old Man told him he was blind, and had been so for many Years ; but by the Help of a Dog, he had got a good Living, and ask'd Charity. But now, Sir, I must starve, I must starve, now — my poor Dog is hang'd.

*Tom.*

*Tom.*

How came that, Father, was he mad?

*B. Man.*

Mad, no, no, no, but those that kill'd him were. I'll tell you, Sir, about four Miles off there is a great Inn; the Gentry use it, as they go to *Tunbridge*. I went there To-day, Sir, to get a little broken Victuals; it was the Heat of the Day, and I fell asleep: In the mean Time, Sir, the Waiters stole away my Dog, my poor Dog; methinks I hear him now. They stole him, Sir, just to please a Couple of rich Gentlemen; Bloods, as I heard them call'd. They hung my poor Dog over the Sign Post; his Shrieks waked me; but I could neither help him, nor myself. I kneel'd to 'em, I pray'd, I cry'd, but I was only laugh'd at. One of them, as I was upon my Knees, poured a Pail of Water upon my Head; then they both swore, they did not know which cut the most droll Figure, I or my Dog.

*Tom*, whose Heart was divided between Resentment and Compassion, proffered to lead the old Man; and immediately they set forward, next Day at Noon, close to a running Water, on a rising green Spot, overshadowed by some  
wide

wide spreading Oaks, that grew in the Hedge-row. At a Distance from the dirty Road, as they sat down to cool themselves, *Tom* desired his Partner to tell him how he became blind.

“ My Father was a Gardener, and  
 “ brought me up to his own Business ;  
 “ but willing that I should improve my-  
 “ self, he sent me to an Acquaintance  
 “ of his, of the same Business near  
 “ *London*. Now, tho’ I say it, few  
 “ People of my Years (for I was, Sir,  
 “ but Seventeen then) strove harder for  
 “ Knowledge than I did : I lov’d Work,  
 “ and used to buy or borrow every Book  
 “ I could, concerning Plants and Gar-  
 “ dening.

“ God help me, I can’t read now.  
 “ But my Master and I could not a-  
 “ gree ; for he was a Man who loved  
 “ his Pleasures mightily, and kept the  
 “ best Sort of Company, as he call’d  
 “ it, in *London* at the Taverns ; and in  
 “ the Country at Horse-race Times.  
 “ To be sure I have seen very great  
 “ Gentlemen come, and take him out  
 “ with them ; for he cou’d sing very  
 “ well, and tell a Heap of comical Sto-  
 “ ries, and had always something to  
 “ say for himself ; yet he and I cou’d  
 “ not agree. He laugh’d at me for  
 “ going

“ going to Church, and for reading the  
 “ New Testament; and wou’d endeavour  
 “ your to dispute with me about it; but  
 “ for all he was my Master in other Res-  
 “ pects, he was but a weak Arguer;  
 “ still he wou’d endeavour to laugh me  
 “ out of my Religion; now I us’d to  
 “ wonder at that, and tell him so.

“ *To be sure, Sir, (I us’d to say) these*  
 “ *great Gentlesfolks you keep Company with*  
 “ *may talk in this rash Manner, because*  
 “ *they know no better; they see nothing as*  
 “ *they shou’d do, they won’t give themselves*  
 “ *Time for it; but you, Sir, who see so*  
 “ *much of the Wisdom of Providence should*  
 “ *know better: It sometimes happens, Men*  
 “ *will make a Mock of what they don’t un-*  
 “ *derstand; but for People to see what the*  
 “ *Earth does, and what is done to the Earth;*  
 “ *by Showers, and Sun, and Dews, and*  
 “ *Winds, and Snow, Lord it is wonderful;*  
 “ *indeed; God help me, I’m but a poor*  
 “ *Man to be sure; yet I have seen such*  
 “ *Tokens of Heaven’s Handy-works,*  
 “ *that, begging Pardon, there’s never*  
 “ *a Lord of the Land ever saw the like;*  
 “ *tho’ they may win twenty and twenty*  
 “ *King’s Plates after that.*

“ I went to work at *Fulham*; and  
 “ over-against our Grounds; there liv’d  
 “ a fine young Lady; she had a Cha-  
 “ riot,

“ riot, and two Footmen ; People said,  
 “ indeed, she was but a kept Mistress ;  
 “ that was none of my Business : She  
 “ always paid us very generously, and  
 “ was a special Customer. She us’d to  
 “ walk in a Morning among us, when  
 “ we were at Work, with a very gen-  
 “ teel young Woman ; one of the pret-  
 “ tiest Girls I ever saw in my Life.

“ I lik’d this young Woman very  
 “ much ; she was a Clergyman’s Daugh-  
 “ ter, and had been brought up very well,  
 “ tho’ she was but a Servant then ; I can’t  
 “ say she was a Servant neither, for  
 “ Miss *Elms* kept her as her Companion.

“ One day I broke my Mind to her ;  
 “ and after a Week, or two, she gave  
 “ me her Consent to be my Wife ; pro-  
 “ vided, that Miss *Elms* wou’d not be  
 “ against it.—Now to see some La-  
 “ dies Tempers, how fantastical they  
 “ are—Miss *Elms* wou’d not give her  
 “ Consent, till she had some Talk with  
 “ me, she said. I waited upon her ;  
 “ and tho’ I am sure, when she walk’d  
 “ in our Gardens, if I had offer’d to  
 “ touch her Hand, she wou’d have set  
 “ me in the Stocks ; yet now she was  
 “ mad, if I may so call it, that I shou’d  
 “ fall in Love with her Maid, and she  
 “ by ; and she told me, she insisted,—  
 “ but



“ but Company coming in, she dis-  
 “ mifs’d me; gave me a Guinea; and  
 “ told me, to bring her a Carnation  
 “ To-morrow at Twelve o’Clock.

“ I told Miss *Wilt* the Subject of  
 “ what Miss *Elms* said. My Girl fell  
 “ into Tears, and told me I shou’d leave  
 “ her; but I made her a solemn Vow  
 “ I wou’d not. She was not satisfied;  
 “ but made Miss *Elms*’s Gentleman  
 “ jealous, as she has often confess’d to  
 “ me since: He found Miss *Elms* and  
 “ me together, but as harmless as Sis-  
 “ ter and Brother. However, he took  
 “ me to Task about it. I told him, I  
 “ courted Miss *Wilt*, his Lady’s Wait-  
 “ ing-maid: He cou’d not believe it at  
 “ first; but to convince him, we were  
 “ married at his Expence; and he gave  
 “ us a Sum of Money, and sent us  
 “ down into the Country, according to  
 “ both our Desires.

“ I chose to go to the Parish where  
 “ I was born, and there rented a Piece  
 “ of Land. My Wife and I liv’d very  
 “ happy together; we had two fine  
 “ Children; Lord, how proud we were  
 “ of them; how did we exult on those  
 “ fine Blossoms, as I may call them, of  
 “ our own raising; but we were wrong;  
 “ we found it; for my poor Boy, who  
 “ was

“ was then twelve Years of Age, was  
“ sent to the Squire’s, our Landlord,  
“ with some Cherries ; it was hot Wea-  
“ ther, the poor Boy was dry, and  
“ begged some small Beer. My Land-  
“ lord being within Hearing, pour’d a  
“ Bottle of old Beer into the Can, and  
“ gave it him : He was dry, he drank  
“ most of it, it soon got into his Head,  
“ he sung, and danc’d, and played se-  
“ veral mad Pranks ; but this was fine  
“ Fun for the Squire, and some Visi-  
“ tors he had ;—(just such Brutes as  
“ hang’d my poor Dog)—to keep my  
“ poor Boy in Spirits, they pour’d se-  
“ veral Drams down his Throat : Till  
“ at last, foaming at the Mouth, he  
“ tumbled upon the Floor ; from  
“ whence he was carried into the Sta-  
“ ble, where in an Hour’s Time he died.  
“ This Misfortune almost turned my  
“ poor Wife’s Brain, and made me lit-  
“ tle better than a crazy Man ; but the  
“ Squire, to make us Amends, gave us  
“ Money, sent his Doctor to attend my  
“ dear Wife ; nay, and his Sister came,  
“ and took her out in his Chariot, three  
“ Times a Week, to take the Air. In re-  
“ turn for these Civilities my Wife, who  
“ had a very grateful Heart, and willing  
“ that our Daughter, who was now  
just

“ just turn’d Fourteen, and a very  
 “ lovely Girl, shou’d see the world,  
 “ let this Squire’s Sister have her, as  
 “ Miss *Elms* had my Wife for a Com-  
 “ panion.

“ I consented ; I can’t say I ever was  
 “ myself after my poor Boy’s Death. In  
 “ Winter the Family went up to *London*,  
 “ and we had several Letters, and little  
 “ Presents from my Daughter at first ;  
 “ but in half a Year she left off writing,  
 “ and we never heard from her after-  
 “ wards, till she was in the Lock Hos-  
 “ pital. From thence she sent us Word,  
 “ the Squire had got her with Child,  
 “ and upon the Discovery, his Sister  
 “ turn’d her out of Doors. The Bro-  
 “ ther supported her till she was deliver-  
 “ ed, and then left her to the wide  
 “ World ; and about seven Months af-  
 “ terwards, she came into that Hospi-  
 “ tal.—She begged for our Blessing, and  
 “ Forgiveness ; and in a Week after  
 “ that died very penitent.”——*Oh my*  
*Daughter ! my Daughter ! I can’t help*  
*crying, young Man — I can’t help it. O*  
*young Man, if you had Children, Children*  
*that you dearly lov’d, and to lose them in the*  
*Manner I have done ; you wou’d then judge*  
*what it is I feel here, here, here.*

The poor old Man striking his Breast,  
 at the same Time Tears fast followed  
 one another down the Furrows of his  
 Sun-burn'd Cheeks.

“ My poor Wife was put into *Bedlam*,  
 “ and I into Jail, for some Speeches I  
 “ utter'd in my Grief against the Squire ;  
 “ and my Things were seized on for  
 “ Rent. However, by the Interpositi-  
 “ on of the Gentry about our Town, I  
 “ was set at Liberty, and they made a  
 “ Collection for me, and put me in my  
 “ House again. But I cou'd not do as  
 “ heretofore, my Head was unsettled.  
 “ I took a young Man in Partner with  
 “ me ; he had no Money, but I thought  
 “ his Youth and Gratitude might make  
 “ him serviceable to me.

“ But one Day a Hare, that had done  
 “ me a great deal of Mischief, came  
 “ and squatted down just under the Win-  
 “ dow, where I was reading. I shot  
 “ her, I protest not for the Sake of it's  
 “ being a Dainty at Table, nor to sell  
 “ it, but only for Self-defence : But  
 “ my Partner inform'd against me ; and  
 “ this Squire, the Author of all my  
 “ Unhappiness, committed me to Prison  
 “ for it. He wou'd not be paid for it.  
 “ People said it was illegal ;——but I  
 “ had no body to assist me ; the Gen-  
 “ tleman

“ tlemen that had before been my  
 “ Friends, now were against me ; they  
 “ all said, it’s proper an Example  
 “ shou’d be made, it might deter others ;  
 “ all the Comfort I got, was in my  
 “ own Reflections, that I had com-  
 “ mitted no Crime. But that, as some  
 “ of the Peoples Servants told me, was  
 “ not the Thing ; for the Gentlemen  
 “ all declared, they wou’d sooner for-  
 “ give a House-breaker, or a Highway-  
 “ man, or a Ravisher, than they wou’d  
 “ any Person, who incurs the Penalties  
 “ of the Game Act.

“ *So true it is, what my Father us’d to*  
 “ *say, never cross the rich Folks in their*  
 “ *Pleasures, they’ll forgive any Thing soon-*  
 “ *er than that.*

“ After I had laid till Sessions in a  
 “ cold wet Place, where the Damps  
 “ had struck to my Eyes, and put them  
 “ both out ; I was call’d up, discharg’d,  
 “ and turn’d out of Court, a poor blind  
 “ Vagabond. After I had laid about  
 “ a Week in the Fields, the Parish Of-  
 “ ficers, falling out among themselves,  
 “ out of Spite to one another, put me  
 “ into the Workhouse,——but, dear  
 “ Heart, wou’d you believe it ; there  
 “ was as much Quarrelling, Party-ma-  
 “ king, and Back-biting, and Over  
 “ bearing

“ bearing there, as in any other Part of  
“ the World. I happen’d to be the  
“ only blind Person there; and, as I  
“ cou’d not see what was done, had  
“ more bad Usage than any one else;  
“ till tir’d of that Life, and weary with  
“ being hit in the Teeth by the Gover-  
“ nor, Nurses, and Beadle, about my  
“ poor Daughter’s Misfortune, I begg’d  
“ they’d give, or get me a Dog to lead  
“ me, and I wou’d not trouble them  
“ any more: They got me one, the  
“ faithful Creature I lost Yesterday, and  
“ with whom, for these several Years  
“ past, I have wander’d up and down,  
“ a poor blind Beggar.”



## C H A P. XXVIII.

**I**N this Manner *Tom Fool* liv'd for some Time, wandering from Place to Place, till he and the old Man came to a large Village, where the Parishioners had a Right of Common, to a vast Tract of Land around them. This us'd to be sown with different Sorts of Grain; and to scare the Birds, the Villagers always had a Whistler, from Seed Time, to Harvest Home, to whom they allow'd very good Wages; but this had been of late Years much abused. Formerly the Person who had the clearest Pipe was sure to be chose.

One Man got it, only by giving the Church-wardens two Dozen of Franks.

Another, crammed all the Children with gilded Gingerbread, for four or five Days, before the Time of Chusing; and then they made such a Noise at Home, that their Parents, for Peace Sake, spoke just as the Children wou'd have them.

One Man got it, by bringing down a *Barbary* Horse, and let him serve the principle Peoples Mares *gratis*.

Ano-

Another gain'd it, by Jappanning all the Farmers Wives *Sunday's* Pumps, with the famous new-invented Liquid:

The last Possessor had a Brother, who was a Dragoon, and he brought the military Man down to back his Pretensions. The Soldier's Appearance scared half the Country, to see his cross Buff Belts, his bright-barrell'd Carbine, his large-handled Sword, and his Cloak rowl'd up like a Collar of Brawn: And he hinted, that if his Brother had not the Place, he shou'd stay a Month, or two, among them; but the Place was given to his Brother at once, upon Condition that the Horse and Arms shou'd appear there no more.

As the Village had been badly serv'd, for a long Time past, it was determin'd by a Majority at the Vestry, that every Body shou'd give their Opinion, without Fear or Favour.

The Morning *Tom Fool*, and his Partner came there, was the Time appointed to try the Merits of each Whistler. All the People of the Village were assembled; a large Ring was made, and the several Performers were waiting in the Tythe Barn.

Silence was call'd out three Times, by the Beadle; and then uprose one of

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the

the oldest Farmers in the Village, and thus deliver'd himself.

Neighbours, Fellow-farmers, Friends, and Englishmen ; allow me to congratulate ye, on the Intent of this Day's Meeting. I rejoice to have liv'd to this Time, to see my Countrymen at Liberty, to speak as they ought to do, without being bias'd, by either mean Temptations, or mighty Threatnings. This Day we are met, to speak as we think ; and not to say, yes, or no, just as the Market goes.

Let me beg you'll this Day act agreeably to the Intention of this Meeting. Consider how our Crops have suffer'd, by our former Whistlers. Have we not had some, who promising faithfully to serve us, yet have sold our Crops as they grew : But for that, only yourselves are to be blam'd ; for as they might lay out all they had to buy the Place, they were right to make the Place get what it cost them. Do ye not Neighbours chuse a Man that has a sweet Tooth ; for we know by Experience, when sometimes we have had a diligent and shrill Whistler, yet he has been tempted by Sweetmeats ; and instead of Whistling, when the Pigeons have got into the Corn, he has

has had his Mouth full of Sugar-plumbs, and cou'd not utter a single Note.

Let not a Gentleman's Servant be your Whistler; for you may depend on't, they'll oblige the great Families, in Hopes of being provided for after Harvest-time.

Chuse not a Whistler that's fond of Sporting; he, instead of watching the Grain, will get to Cob-stone under a Hedge, or at Nine-men's-morrice, or else leave the Fields, and run a Squirrel-hunting;—but the Day begins to waste, I'll keep you no longer from your Business, but may Providence direct you for the best.

The Whistlers enter'd, but not one of them came up to the Parishioners Expectations. At last, *Tom Fool*, who had overheard all that had been said and performed, as he stood at the Back of the Ring, gave so shrill a Whistle, he pierced their Ears, and they all turn'd their Heads, to know where the Sound came from.

He was plac'd in the Ring, where he exhibited so much to their Satisfaction, and in the Account he gave of himself, was so modest, that they chose him Whistler on the Spot: But this Office *Tom* wou'd not accept of, unless he might have Liberty he told them, to take Care

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of that old Man, he had brought with  
him.

This Humanity gave the Parish a good  
Opinion of *Tom's* Principles; they made  
a Collection for young *Fool's* blind Friend  
on the Spot. *Tom* was shown to a Ho-  
vel, where he might always retire to in  
tempestuous Weather: And he that Day  
got the old Man settled, and the next he  
enter'd upon his Office; in which he ac-  
quitted himself to the entire Satisfaction  
of the Inhabitants.

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C H A P.

## C H A P. XXIX.

**I**T is incredible, what an Alteration the Parishioners found in their Common, by harvest Time; not a Bird dared to settle among them. Nay, *Tom Fool* put up all Sorts of Traps, to destroy Vermin; and he was always either Whistling, or Weeding, or driving stray'd Cattle off.

Within three Miles where *Tom* kept Watch, liv'd Lady *Greensy*. She kept the largest Dove-coat in the Country. After *Tom* had been some Time in his Post, she observ'd her Pigeons kept more at Home than usual; they did not seem inclinable to stir out of the Yard, as if they dreaded the Kite. She enquir'd among the Servants what cou'd be the Meaning of this: They told her Ladyship, the new Whistler had scar'd them off; and he was such a cross Curr, he wou'd neither let Birds, nor Beasts, come near him.

She order'd her Postillion to go and thrash the Fellow; but *Tom* thrash'd the Postillion: She then order'd her Maids, as they went to and from milking, to



decoy him to walk with them ; and she promis'd that Girl that cou'd get him away from his Post a new Gown, designing then to accuse him to the Parish for Negligence, and get one of her own People put in his Place.

*Tom* indeed wou'd chat with the Girls, but never stir from his Post. *Lady Greensy* was piqued ; it was now high Harvest, and fine picking for her Pigeons ; she therefore sent two Half-crowns to *Tom* to drink her Health ; and in return, only begg'd he'd let her Pigeons feed just five Minutes. *Tom* sent the Money back, and hop'd her Ladyship wou'd excuse him ; but if she'd give him a Crown a-piece for every Pigeon, he wou'd not do it.

*Will*, the Game-keeper, brought *Tom's* Answer back ; and according to Custom inform'd his Fellow-servants of it, before he deliver'd his Message to the Lady. As soon as they head it, they set up such a Shout ; bawling out, a Fool ! a Fool ! a Fool indeed. The Cry was heard by *Lady Greensy*, who happen'd at that Time to be in the Library, listning to her Chaplain's Definition of a Fool, or Ideot.

Hearing

Hearing the Word Fool repeated so plain and forcibly, she begg'd Mr. Rector wou'd hasten into the Hall, for Heaven's Sake, and enquire if they really had got a Fool among them; for a Fool, she told the Chaplain, of all Creatures, was what she most long'd to be acquainted with.

Down Stairs he descended, promising her Ladyship, that he wou'd demand a categorical Reason, for the instantaneous Vociferation of her Ladyship's Domesticks. To amuse herself till his Return, she retired into her Cordial Closet.

To amuse the Reader, during the momentous Cessation of this active History, he shall be inform'd who Lady *Greensy* was, and the Reason of her extraordinary Curiosity.

Her maiden Name was *Trolly*, and she was taken from Boarding-school at fourteen Years of Age, to be married to Alderman *Chedder*, the great Cheese Factor, *Ætat.* 59. He was a very indulgent Husband to her, but yet she begg'd several Times, before they had been married a Twelvemonth, to be carried to the Boarding-school again.

To amuse her, he took her to his Estate in *Wales*, and there she diverted  
M 4 herself

herself with catching Butterflies, building Baby-houses, and playing at Battledore and Shuttlecock.

Her Spouse left off Trade entirely, and liv'd wholly with his young Wife: But want of Employment, or Change of Air, or *Welch* Ale, or catching Cold, or something or another, (for Physicians are not always clear in their accounting for the Origin of Distempers) he grew dropfical, and died in three Years after his Marriage; leaving *Madam Chedder*, a young, handsome, wealthy Widow.

At her return to *London*, she grew pensive; often sighing, for fear she shou'd be oblig'd to leave all her Riches to Strangers. She wish'd she had a Child of her own, but was determined not to marry in a Hurry; such Stories she had heard of Fortune-hunters. But then, to have one without marrying? The Sin, and the Shame of that.—It happen'd soon after her return to *London*, that she took particular Notice, at a City Feast, of a Gentleman, who was a very jolly, honest Fellow. He sung several Songs, told several Stories, play'd a great many Tricks, and was indeed the Life, Soul, and Fiddle of the Company.

That

That Evening an Appointment was made, and she consented to come in cog. and breakfast with him the next Day.

It was impossible among jolly Fellows, to keep any thing good to themselves. That very Night, he found out a Set of his Particulars, to whom he communicated his good Fortune.

Bumpers went about to his Success; he drank her Health, in half a Dozen half Pints; and about Seven in the Morning, the Chairman, by the Help of his Servant, dragg'd him up Stairs: And he was laid across the Bed, in that State of Stupefaction, specified under the Article, dead Drunk.—

Madam *Chedder* lay awake most Part of the Night, reflecting on the agreeable Tete a Tete she shou'd enjoy next Morning; and having, as she was order'd, been call'd up at Seven; and putting on one of her Servant's Gowns and Cloaks, hasted to the Rendezvous.

But judge her Surprise, when she saw her *Adonis*, with his Cloaths half torn off his Back, his Face and Hands cover'd with Mud, his Stockings about his Heels, his Cheeks bruised, Lips cut, and no Sign of Life in him, but what a deep

deep Snore, now and then issuing from his unclean Nostrils, indicated.

Piqued to Death she left him, determined within herself to despise all Mankind.

But Sir *Pansy Greensy*, the Week following, prevented her from being determinate in her Resolutions.

Sir *Greensy* was really a fine Gentleman, delicate in his Dress, delicate in his Complexion, delicate in his Speech; in a Word, he was immensely delicate. He was just return'd from the grand Tour; and all his Acquaintance, Dependants, and Tutors, pronounced him a finish'd Character. When Madam *Chedder* gave him her Hand, he was just turned twenty-seven Years of Age. But the Debaucheries of *London*, *Leghorn*, *Paris*, &c. had rendered the Baronet impotent. The Wedding indeed was celebrated with the utmost Magnificence, wou'd we cou'd say it was solemnis'd, as much to the Satisfaction of the Lady—no—his Title she wedded, his Title only she enjoyed. At his Decease, which happened in about eighteen Months, after her being nominally married to him, (as she used to call it) she retired into the Country, an absolute Man-hater; like  
an

an innocent Countryman, who, having been trick'd by one, or two, of the peddling *Jews*, swears the whole *Hebrew Nation* are Cheats.

The very Evening before *Tom* had the two half Crowns sent him, she had been at a neighbouring Lady's House, upon a Christening Visit. It is common, when Ship-masters meet together, to talk about Sailing; when Players get together they speak Tragedy Speeches; and when Gossips push the Cawdle-bowl about, the Conversation is always on the Occasion that brought them together.

At this Convivial, Lady *Greenfy* heard two elderly Ladies expatiate upon Ideots and Fools; and what surprizing Creatures they were; and told such Stories of them, as to their own Knowledge, they protested were true; that my Lady *Greenfy* vowed a Secret, but fervent Vow, that if Money cou'd purchase a Fool, she wou'd not be without one. It was on that Subject she was questioning her Chaplain, when her Servants open'd in full Cry, as before-mentioned.

Upon the Chaplain's Return, she demanded eagerly, *Is there a Fool below?*

“*Not identically my Lady*” (the good Man replied) *the Clamour among the Menials*



nials arose from the Folly of that poor Creature, who is hired by the Parish, as a Scare-crow. He has sent back the Money your Ladyship ordered —— Yet let me supplicate your Ladyship, not to take it in Disdain.

*Lady.*

Well, but Mr. Rector, is he really a Fool? An Ideot?

*Rector.*

Does he not despise Money? Has he not refused your Ladyship's Present? But let me deprecate your Anger, be not accelerate in your Revenge upon such a Reptile.

*Lady.*

But yet, Sir, you have not convinced me, that he is really a Fool.

*Rector.*

If your Ladyship will permit me, I will abstractedly demonstrate, that he is an Ideot; and thus I form my Syllogism.—

Lady Greensy wou'd not attend the Consequence; but, ordering the Game-keeper to attend her, she was resolved to  
be

be satisfied, by talking to the Fellow herself.

Mr. Rector proffer'd his Service to attend her, but she politely refused him; hinting, at the same Time, that his Presence might be more necessary, in looking after the Haunch of Venison.

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## C H A P. XXX.

**L**ADY *Greenfy* soon met with *Tom Fool*;—she asked him several Questions, and very critically surveyed his Figure. She liked his Replies immenſely, and vaſtly admired his Complection. Then ſhe began to enquire very particularly into *Tom Fool*'s bringing up; and ſent the Game-keeper back, with Orders not to have Dinner ſerved up till Four o'Clock.

But as ſhe was converſing with *Tom*, the Sky began to lour, the Rain fell, the Wind blew, and Black and all Black look'd the South Horizon.

She was forced to retreat into the Hovel for Shelter; and young *Fool* with her.

Thus we read, in a Book of the Roman Hiſtory, how *Æneas*, Captain of a Privateer, and Widow *Dido*, the Bridle-cutter, ſecreted themſelves.

The Turret Clock ſtruck Four, the Sauces were pour'd out, and the Fiſh drain'd, the Veniſon Paper ſcorch'd, the Cook ſwearing, the Chaplain fretting, her Ladyſhip's Servants diſpatched ſeveral Ways, to ſee that no Miſchief had befallen her.

But in the miſt of this Diſtraction, Lady *Greenfy* appeared in Sight, walking coolly

coolly up the Terrace, leading *Tom Fool* in her Hand; and immediately ordered the Steward to dress *Tom Fool* in some of her late Husband's Cloaths, and let him and Dinner be brought up together.

With what Remarks this was executed by the Servants, is beneath the Dignity of an Historian to relate.—But when Mr. *Fool* appear'd in her Ladyship's Sight, clean and fine dress'd, she cou'd not help turning to her Woman, and, in a half Whisper, break out,——*Susan, pon Onner he's an Angel.* The Chaplain was ordered to attend, and marry her and young *Fool* immediately.

The good Man was under great Surprise, he had entertain'd some distant Hopes, of being inducted into that Preferment himself; but it was over; she was deaf to Expostulations.—She wou'd be obey'd; and the Wedding was that Night celebrated.

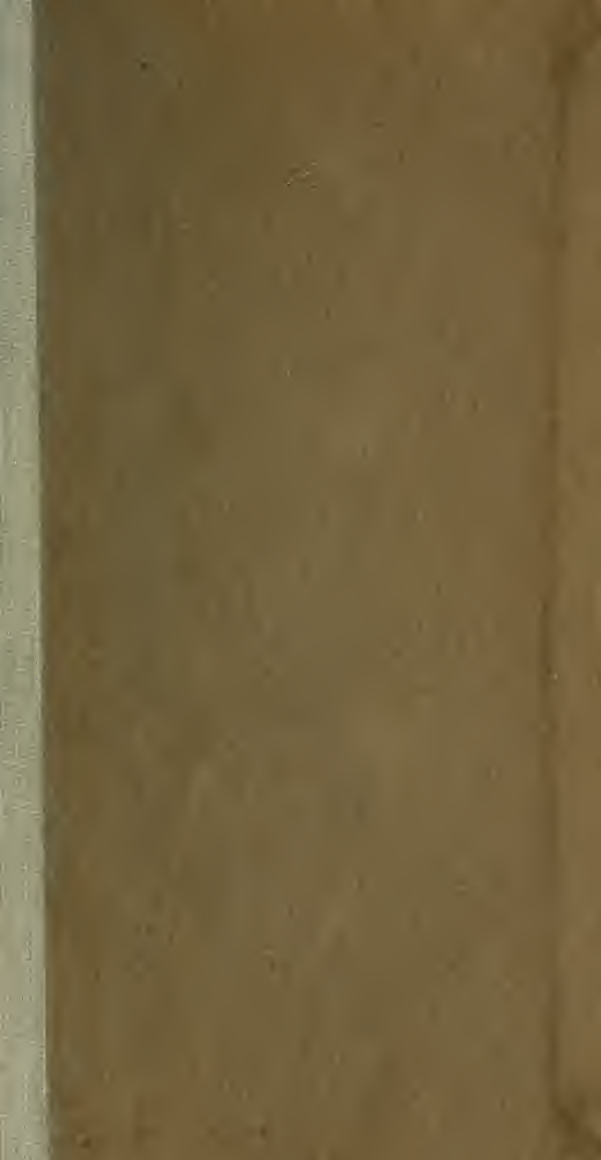
Her Ladyship's Opinion concerning Mankind (as *Susan* a Day or two afterwards presumed to enquire) was alter'd; the Lady very graciously acknowledg'd; but yet to her Dying-day she insisted on it; *That no Man was worth marrying but a Fool.*







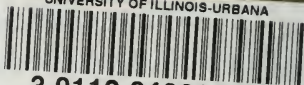








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